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A Journalism Review

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Conflict Of Interest In The City Room

Confessions Of A Pulitzer Juror

Fighting Sexist Ads; Bert Powers & Automation

Taking Our Cue From Joe

BY J. ANTHONY LUKAS

When we resolved to name our Counter-Convention after A. J. Liebling, we assumed his name would ring defiantly in newsrooms throughout the land. We were wrong. For many of our younger colleagues, it appears, Liebling has long since passed into ill-deserved obscurity along with his friends, Whitey Bimstein, Maxwell C. Bimberg and Colonel John R. Stingo. "Why is the title in German?" one reader wanted to know. A midwestern editor and a journalism school dean both wrote letters for more information addressed "Dear Mr. Liebling." So perhaps the time has come to reintroduce Abbott Joseph Liebling (1904-1963), *The New Yorker's* press critic, gourmand, boxing writer, war correspondent, labor reporter, medievalist, Francophile, chronicler of Broadway and resident epicure.

Trying to explain Joe Liebling, the mind gropes for an adequate metaphor. For few could wield a metaphor or simile like Liebling. *The New York Times*, he once wrote, "is in many respects a sound newspaper within the translucent mass of which one may occasionally discern the outlines of commendable purposes, fixed like strawberries in a great mold of jello, and of good men struggling feebly, like minnows within a giant jellyfish." The press chorus for decontrol of meat prices in 1946 he likened to the Great Goumba, Swahili for "the inordinate longing and craving of exhausted nature for meat." Writing of Ezzard Charles' strange reluctance to hit Rocky Marciano, he said "Charles' intuitive resentment of violence had set in like ice on a pond." And woe be to him who handed Liebling a ready-made metaphor, for he would surely get it slapped back in his face like a wet mackerel, as Anthony Sampson found out when Liebling reviewed his "Anatomy of Britain" like this: "In cutting his lecture to fit his time, the anatomist has performed a record number of excisions, including most of the viscera. It is as if he offered for demonstration a body lacking the left lung, the sternum, the panceas, the other endocrine glands, the second and third vertebrae and—just for the hell of it—the aorta, the right kidney, both intestines, and the medulla oblongata, assorted frenula and both wishbones."

When my metaphor search was ended, I could do no better than critic Joseph Epstein who, in a retrospective review last year, called Liebling "the Minnesota Fats of American prose." But the comparison appealed to us for somewhat different reasons. Epstein likened Liebling to the corpulent pool hall wizard, played by Jackie Gleason in "The Hustler," in order to show that he was that intriguing type, the nimble fat man. "Like Minnesota Fats with a cue ball," Epstein wrote, "so Liebling with an



English sentence—there was nothing he couldn't make it do." What came to my mind, though, was the movie's last scene in which Paul Newman, as "Fast Eddie," has just beaten Gleason in their climactic match. Newman refuses to split the take with George C. Scott, his promoter-backer "Gordon," who has been getting 75 per cent of his winnings. Gordon warns Fast Eddie that if he doesn't fork over he will never play again in any respectable pool hall in America. Although he knows Gordon can enforce that threat, Fast Eddie turns away with a contemptuous sneer on his lip and, looking down at Minnesota Fats, says:

"Fat Man, you shoot a great game of pool."

"So do you, Fast Eddie," says Minnesota Fats.

That was Joe Liebling. He was above all a craftsman who loved and respected other men who did their work well—whether it was making a perfect bank shot, mixing a brilliant bouillabaisse, landing a great left jab or turning a polished phrase. But he could not abide men like Gordon who lived off others' work, particularly if they did it while pretending to be the working man's friend. Thus, the keynote of Liebling's writing about the press was his contempt for the publishers who owned the pool hall but could dismiss a splendid craftsman with a wave of his pinky and two weeks severance pay.

He had his particular *bêtes noires* among publishers. Chief among them was Roy Howard, who owned the *World-Telegram*, where Liebling put in his last years as a newspaperman (1931-5). Howard was cutting costs sharply then and Liebling recalled that his salary was cut twenty per cent in eight months, skidding to \$60.75 per week. On this pittance, he had to live himself and try to get adequate care for his first wife, who spent most of those years in mental institutions. "This took the carefree, juvenile jollity out of journalism for me definitively," he wrote. "It taught me that society is divided, not into newspaper people and non-newspaper people, but into people with money and people without it. I did not belong to a joyous, improvident professional group including me and Roy Howard, but to a section of society including me and any floorwalker at Macy's. Mr. Howard, even though he asked to be called Roy, belonged in a section that included him and the gent who owned Macy's. This clarified my thinking about publishers, their common interests and motivations." In 1941, Liebling got his revenge in an unusually-long, four-part profile detailing Howard's use of his columns to defend his own tax loopholes, his personal extravagance but frugality where his employees

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Why A Counter-Convention

The journalist is one of the nation's most foolishly wasted resources. In city rooms and television newsrooms around the country, thousands of men and women capable of giving their communities the kind of enlightened, tough-minded reporting they deserve are daily demeaned by the feckless institutions for which they work. And thousands more leave or refuse to enter the profession every year because of a system that still rewards stenography and discourages enterprise. There are exceptions, of course. But anyone who thinks *The New York Times* or Channel 13 are anything but exceptions need only travel to most American cities (New York included) and read the local dailies or tune in the local news. And even among the exceptions, the misuse of talent is often scandalous. While I. F. Stone and Jack Anderson and perhaps a dozen other reporters do what journalists are supposed to do, the well-staffed Washington bureaus of such rich enterprises as *Newsweek*, *Time*, the *Times* and the networks seem generally content to serve up a steady diet of the Official Word.

This lament is hardly new. What is new, however, is that working journalists are beginning to sense they might be able to do something about it. That, more than any other reason, is why (MORE) is sponsoring the A. J. Liebling Counter-Convention when the American Newspaper Publishers Association convenes at the Waldorf-Astoria in late April. Astonishingly, the counter-convention may mark the first time in the history of the country that so many men and women who write and report the news have gotten together to discuss their mutual problems. We point this out not from an inordinate sense of pride at having brought them together, but because of what it means: that a growing number of people who put out the nation's newspapers and magazines and splice together the nightly news are no longer going to accept the old ways of doing things.

Traditional editors and their employers like to put this phenomenon down as a hot-eyed descent into "advocacy journalism." More accurately, it is what Tom Wicker describes as "the greening of the press." For if advocacy journalism afflicts the media, it is most rampant not in the so-called "underground" but within the major institutions of American journalism. It is, with rare exceptions, they that have "advocated" the kind of America we find ourselves living in today, all the while ignoring the pleas of their more sensitive employees to turn their attention to a kind of journalism that might help improve the quality of life rather than "objectively" recording its decline. Yes, the media warn us about the hazards of air pollution, but how often do they go after the corporations that cause it and the government blinking that encourages it? Yes, the media decry racism, but when has the unknown world of Bedford-Stuyvesant been given the kind of coverage that President Nixon promoted in China?

There is no question that abundant talent exists in the mass media ready and willing to make journalism more responsive to the needs of the country and the world. In the spirit of the man for whom we named it, we hope the A. J. Liebling Counter-Convention will help spur this movement on.

(HELLBOX)

Rosebuds to Nicholas Gage for skillfully exposing the labyrinthine financial chicanery by which two Washington lawyers managed to divert to one of their own companies \$4 million belonging to the Penn Central Transportation Company (*The New York Times*, April 9). In six columns of lucid exposition, Gage carefully outlined how the lawyers, Joseph H. and Francis N. Rosenbaum, colluded with Fidel Goetz, a German financier, to siphon the money into the First Financial Trust of Liechtenstein.

"The key to breaking the story was finding the banking committee's mistake," says Gage, who read through "pounds and pounds" of documents during his two-month investigation. Early in 1971, the Banking and Currency Committee of the House of Representatives, concluded (as part of a broader investigation of the Penn Central bankruptcy) that Goetz concocted the scheme to get the money. Gage's painstaking research, however, demonstrates that the Rosenbaum brothers were the prime movers in the diversion. The entire tale is replete with complexities, but as set down by Gage this is the heart of the matter:

When Joseph Rosenbaum succeeded in getting the \$10-million loan from the German banks for Penn Central, it seemed like a good opportunity to placate Mr.

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Bert Powers at War With Himself

BY A. H. RASKIN

A decade after the 114-day strike that helped cut New York's roster of seven citywide daily newspapers down to three, the publishers and their unionized workers are still nowhere in developing a dependable basis for staying alive together. Both sides came out of the "big sleep" of 1962-63 convinced that they needed a coordinated bargaining structure to facilitate automation and end inter-union bickering. Today the unions are less united than ever and the composing rooms, where the most spectacular advances in newspaper technology ought to be in regular use, continue to stagger along under processes that haven't changed much since Ottmar Mergenthaler invented the Linotype machine in 1884.

Despite the addition to the mortality list last month of *The Morning Telegraph*, with 260 jobs following the horseplayers' bible down the drain, there are at least a couple of reasons for modest optimism that it won't be necessary to get out the old Gutenberg Bible and recite a requiem for the survivors in this labor-management mausoleum. Right at the head of the list is an increasingly acute awareness among all the key people in both camps that just such a funeral is not far down the road if the argument over how to share the fruits of automation keeps postponing its introduction indefinitely.

As usual, the man whose "yes" is most vital to a go-ahead—Bert Powers, president of Big Six, the New York local of the International Typographical Union—is conversationally the most completely committed to the necessity for sweeping away all the roadblocks to swift and full use of computer-controlled composition systems for both news and advertising. But it is still his "no" that represents the least moveable roadblock. The publishers gave Big Six a veto over automation as part of their 1965 wage agreement, and Powers has used it ever since as a padlock against thorough-going modernization of newspaper composing rooms.

It is plain, though, that Powers finds it decidedly distasteful to be cast year after frustrating year in the role of a troglodyte single-handedly blocking technology's forward surge. No subscriber he to the ecologically fashionable notion that everybody would be better off with zero economic growth. On the contrary, the steady erosion of employment in both branches of his union—a dip from 3,500 jobs to 2,700 in the newspapers and from 5,500 to 5,000 in book and job shops—has injected a tone that borders on panic into his messages to his membership on the urgency of working out accommodations to automation. His central theme: No matter how painful the problems of adjusting to change, they will be as nothing to the problems of job extinction if New York stands still while the rest of the country automates.

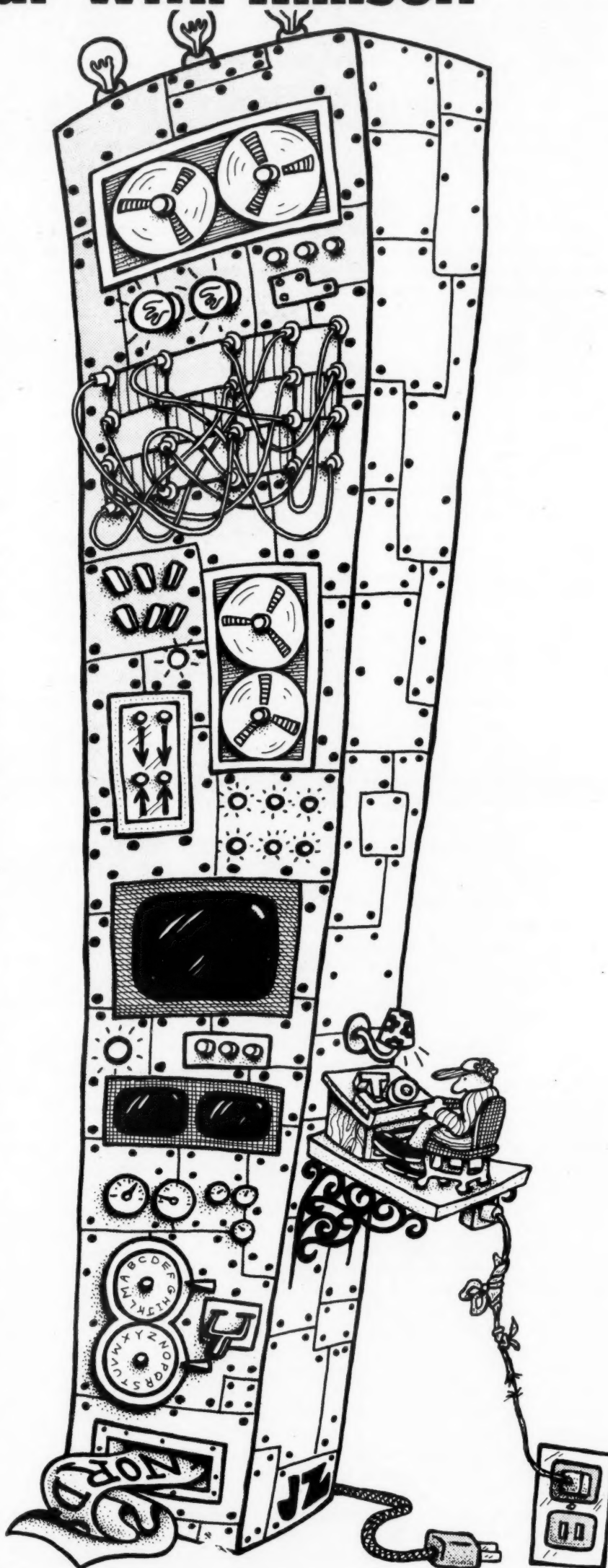
Even more than most labor leaders in these days of inflation, economic stagnation, wage-price controls, high unemployment and general rank-and-file dissidence, Powers is a man at war with himself. Far and away the ablest of the ten union chiefs in the newspaper field, he is also the most intransigent (read it, arbitrary and unreasonable) at the bargaining table—a compound that often makes his fellow presidents in the somewhat curdled "blood brotherhood" of press unionism even more furious with him than the publishers, and that is no small amount of fury.

Distrusting bosses is basic with Powers, a dedicated devotee of the notion that employers have to be dragged kicking and screaming to their best offer. He is also eternally worried about what his members will accept, a worry easy to understand in a union where challenging—and often upsetting—leadership recommendations was a regular practice long before institutional ferment made such challenges widespread in all labor. Both factors tend to turn Powers from philosopher into tiger in contract negotiations.

That makes the big question in the exploration of an automation agreement: Will whatever price Powers eventually sets for job guarantees, retraining and other benefits for present manpower eat up so much of the potential economies that there will be little publisher incentive for making the investment?

Up to this point the newspapers have been pushing only episodically for an answer to that question. One reason is the perennial difficulty the *Times*, the *News* and the *Post* have in developing a unified approach to any mutual problem. Another has been that developments on the technological front keep coming so fast and entail such dramatic shifts in equipment emphasis that the papers have hesitated to commit themselves to any particular system for fear of finding it obsolete before they got it installed. "We were spared some expensive errors by the hold-up in automation," one production executive acknowledges.

But now there is a resolve on the part of the publishers, with the *Times* in the forefront and the *News* almost eager, to make a priority push for a green light on automation. The reality is that recent progress in the perfection of photo composing machines and of editing via cathode ray



tube, light pencil and laser beam has come close to eliminating any genuine necessity for maintaining a composing room at all. Not only will there be no need for printers but for stereotypers and photo-engravers as well. The obvious effect of these breakthroughs is to multiply the intensity of the publishers' desire to automate while vastly complicating the headaches for unions, union leaders and workers—all interested in survival.

What brought it all together for Powers in the last few months was a sudden flurry of interest by a syndicate headed by John M. Shaheen, a Canadian oil promoter, in launching a new afternoon paper in New York. The syndicate was sufficiently familiar with the tombstones already in the journalistic graveyard to want no part of the established newspaper unions. Instead, Shaheen made contact with Edward Swayduck, the automation-minded head of Local One of the Amalgamated Lithographers, and worked out a deal in which the new enterprise would get carte blanche on the introduction of advanced technology, with members of the Swaybuck union manning everything but the delivery trucks.

For a time it looked as if the project would really roll. The syndicate hired business and production executives from Dow-Jones and McGraw-Hill, plunked down \$400,000 for a Goss press and explored lease of a building on Eleventh Avenue. Then, as suddenly as it materialized, the new paper seemed to evaporate. Swayduck insists it is "still very much alive"—in temporary eclipse only because Shaheen is busy launching a fleet of oil tankers. However, Swayduck is just about alone at this point in suggesting that the venture ever will reach the publication stage.

Whether it does or not, the very fact that the project emerged added to Powers' conviction that the footdragging on newspaper automation must end. "If the new afternoon paper had come in using Swayduck's members, with computers and other ultra-modern equipment, we all would have faced up to the need for swift change on the other papers," the Big Six president says. "I want to do it without waiting to be hit over the head with that kind of challenge."

That there is something more than talk in the current Powers protestations has been evidenced by a willingness on his part to let the publishers inch over the line toward automation without any union showdown on exercise of its veto. Photons and similar equipment for reproducing ads more quickly and cheaply have been put into use, and Powers has deliberately stayed away from forcing a determination on whether they represent enough of a departure from traditional methods to require specific Big Six clearance.

Characteristically, when the *Times* informed him that it was installing its first Photons, Powers left obscure until the very last minute whether he would tell his members to refuse to operate them or even to shut down the composing room if management insisted. At a breakfast meeting with *Times* labor officials just before the scheduled 10 A.M. start, the union head agreed to let the new machines be used on an experimental basis without premium payment but also without prejudice to his right to subsequent challenge of the appropriateness of their use. The test period is long over, but the Photons are still operating with neither objection nor specific O.K. from the union.

No one deludes himself, however, that the full technological revolution can be made in the absence of an explicit accord on manpower protection. The best time to get that kind of agreement, both Powers and the publishers recognize, is in a period when the papers are not engaged in their triennial go-around with all ten press unions on wages, pensions and other general contract terms. Otherwise, me-too traditions would almost surely operate to bring insistence by every other union that it must get the equivalent in money or other benefits of every concession the publishers make to Big Six in exchange for freedom to automate their composing rooms. Just paying the bill once—to the union directly involved—may prove a higher price than the papers are ready to pay.

Even at that, there will be inescapable involvement of other unions in allocating jurisdiction over automated processes. Jack Deegan, executive vice president of the New York Newspaper Guild, has already served notice that the Guild will not cede jurisdiction to the printers over electronic scanners used to set type from reporters' copy—a field Powers insists belongs to him. Straightening out clashes of that kind will cause plenty of trouble, much more trouble than could possibly be handled as an adjunct to the torture that invariably attends the negotiation of a general wage agreement.

Unfortunately, it is hard to be confident that there is any time left for getting an automation pact without having it entangled with the rest of the over-all labor contract. The existing three-year pay agreement is scheduled to run out on March 31 of next year, a deadline that would leave relatively little time at best. But even that cushion may be removed if the much-battered Pay Board in Washington decides to scale down the 11 per cent increase which all the newspaper unions began collecting last month

as their third-year installment under the terms of the present contract.


The pact gives the unions the right to meet any trimming of its provisions by the wage controllers with a demand for immediate renegotiation of the whole agreement. The *News* and the *Times*, reluctant to open the door for a year's head-start on the unpleasantness of over-all contract talks, decided not to seek official review of the 11 per cent increase, even after the Pay Board adopted a basic guidepost making deferred wage boosts of more than 7 per cent subject to challenge as too high. However, the *Post*, in much rougher economic shape than either of its giant neighbors, had no similar hesitancy.

Dorothy Schiff, the afternoon paper's publisher, had warned Powers and the other union chiefs last fall that the *Post* would be in "serious financial difficulties" by the end of 1972 if it had to put the full 11 per cent increase into effect. When she filed her formal challenge with the Pay Board early in March, she said that raising rates to offset the \$2.2 million annual cost of the full wage hike would hurt advertising, circulation and jobs. Her action promptly brought a new avalanche of rumors that the *Post*, despite its p.m. monopoly, might have to fold unless it could get wage relief or find a purchaser. Mrs. Schiff insists all such talk is nonsense, but it seems well-established that the costs involved in installing new multi-color presses and otherwise modernizing the building she bought from the defunct *Journal-American* were astronomically in excess of estimates. One insider says the overrun was fully four times the original figure, a difference of \$6 million. On top of that, the Pressmen's Union has been giving the *Post* a hard time on using all the colors in its new press rainbow. The union refuses to run more than one extra color on any given day, a dispute that drags on interminably with neither settlement nor arbitration.

Finding a purchaser for the *Post* has proved no easy task either. Even assuming that Mrs. Schiff is interested in selling—and her interest in that subject seems extremely variable—a buyer is faced with the obligation of taking on a nut of upward of \$5 million in severance pay obligations to *Post* employees. That incubus has caused several potential investors to think better of making an offer. All that makes it less than ludicrous to believe that the nation's communications capital may yet find itself with only two survivors in the once crowded ranks of citywide dailies.

Even though Powers professes to be as convinced as Mrs. Schiff that nothing of the sort is going to happen, the *Post*'s financial pinch increases his stake in seeking a comprehensive manpower pact to deal not only with automation but all other possible contractions in newspaper jobs. By the same token, it decreases the willingness of either the *Times* or the *News* to become guarantors of job security for all the industry's casualties.

Ironically, Powers and the publishers had reached a meeting of minds in December, 1969, on a manpower stabilization formula that would have provided industrywide protection for all regulars and substitutes in newspaper composing rooms, only to have it turned down by a margin of two votes at a Big Six membership meeting. Now the *Times* and the *News* are seeking individual pacts that would allow them total latitude on automating their composing rooms in return for assurance of employment five days a week for all their own present printers and substitutes. Powers, though still strong for drawing a circle of job protection around everybody in the newspaper branch, recognizes that he may have to make do with a series of paper-by-paper agreements. If he is obliged to go that route, however, the pact will undoubtedly be more costly to each publisher and also harder to sell to the membership at a citywide meeting.

One thing that may help is the probability that \$1.8 million accumulated since 1963 in a fund created after the first big Powers strike can be applied to providing supplemental unemployment benefits for displaced newspaper printers. The fund was set up as a vehicle for the use by the publishers of Teletypesetter tape transmitted by AP and UPI to print Stock Exchange and other financial tables. The original contributors were the *Times* and the *Herald-Tribune*, now of blessed memory. Subsequently both the *Post* and the transitory *World-Journal-Tribune* put money into the fund as a means of sharing with the printers the savings that resulted from this beachhead for automation. The payments have been piling up pending a union decision on how they should be spent. Big Six wants the funds to become the nucleus for a reserve to finance retraining and other benefits attendant on the shakeout of printers by new technology and other changes. Currently before a Federal district judge for decision is a legal question on whether, under Internal Revenue Service rules, the reserve can care for all newspaper printers or only those employed by the specific papers, alive and dead, that put money into it.

Either way, Powers will be looking to all the papers that get a green light for automation to enter into a sharing arrangement that goes beyond the comparatively modest one now covering the use of outside tape for Wall Street market reports. So far as the *Times* is concerned, the only problem such a demand will present is whether the amount Big Six seeks is within the range of reasonableness by *Times* yardsticks. However,

Dorothy Schiff, the afternoon paper's publisher, had warned Powers and other union chiefs last fall that the Post would be in "serious financial difficulties" by the end of 1972 if it had to put in the full 11 per cent increase into effect. When she filed her formal challenge with the Pay Board early in March ... her action promptly brought a new avalanche of rumors that the Post ... might have to fold.

the *News* has an ideological Rubicon to cross that thus far it has found unbridgable. It never would go into the original outside tape fund because it objects on principle to any commitment to pay for what it regards as its sovereign right to automate. Moreover, it fears that once it starts down the road of sharing the gains of automation the ante will keep going up until all the gains will be going to the union. Powers points to a 1 per cent tax he has established as the price of computerization in the book and job shops to demonstrate that his goals are modest, but no one who has dealt with him among the newspaper publishers—*Times*, *Post* or *News*—believes 1 per cent is anything more than a toe in the door to be expanded in one contract after another until the union takes all!

The publishers' concern about the Jekyll-Hyde aspects of the Power's character—the gulf between the highly intelligent analyst of technological imperatives and the gutfighter who snarls at them in the moment of truth at the negotiating table—has been rekindled in the last few weeks by the strike. The Big Six chief called in early April against the *Morning Telegraph*. The publishers of that racing newspaper recently opened a highly automated plant in Hightstown, N.J., safely outside the Big Six bailiwick, to print a sister sheet, the *Daily Racing Form*.

Powers, suspecting that it was only a question of time until the Hightstown plant became the publishing center for both papers, demanded job guarantees for the 100 printers in the *Telegraph's* Manhattan composing room. There was no doubt in the mind of all the other unions at the *Telegraph* that Powers' suspicions about an employer intent to shift all operations to Hightstown were accurate. Where they differed with him was on how extensive a guarantee the unions could expect for displaced employees. Worse still, they were fearful that the sole

effect of a strike in a period when few racetracks were operating would be to insure a premature demise for the *Telegraph* under circumstances that would leave little question of the *Racing Form's* ability to fill the gap left by its passing. Once again Powers found himself in the familiar position of lone outpost striking for an objective the rest of newspaper union officialdom considered self-defeating to the point of job suicide.

To everyone's dismay, that was just how it did turn out. At precisely the moment that a general 11 per cent pay raise was scheduled to start for the entire *Telegraph* staff, the walkout over reinstatement for twenty printers whose work had been transferred to Hightstown spelled "30" for the work careers of the 100 hundred printers still on the job, 91 Newspaper Guild writers, handicappers and clerks and fifty to sixty members of other unions. As if that was not irony enough, New York now finds itself with its first automated daily—*The Racing Form*—but it is being trucked in from Jersey from a plant whose only union is the Trenton local of the I.T.U.

But such demarches, for all their frequency over the years, are not necessarily a clue to how Powers will operate in the climactic stages of the struggle over automation on the dailies. When the Capital Cities Broadcasting Corporation acquired Fairchild Publications two years ago, it concluded that it could not successfully run *Women's Wear Daily* and the other Fairchild papers unless it got rid of the old plant on Thirteenth Street and contracted the printing out to a more modern shop. Powers was totally unyielding until he became convinced that Capital Cities had every intention of abandoning the publications if the union blocked a shift in printers. Once the authenticity of that determination sank in, he concentrated on concluding a buyout arrangement to indemnify the printers who would be made jobless. The price was stiff but the economies resulting from the change have all but amortized it already.

There is no reason to doubt that the same thing can happen in the much more consequential area of daily newspaper automation, provided Powers is certain enough that the publishers have gotten over their own ambivalence on wanting the issue resolved. Even with that, however, the road to agreement will be a bumpy one. "I never have seen a guy more eager to make a deal," says Theodore W. Kheel, the troubleshooter, who has tried to steer Powers and the publishers through all their past trips down the rapids, "but he is so tight. Sometimes it seems he just doesn't know how to make a deal." It could be an epitaph—or a true beginning.

'The Biggest Freeloaders Around'

BY ROBIN REISIG

Few things bring out journalistic piety quite so readily as a good conflict-of-interest story. Let a police official be found taking free meals, let a judge be caught with a side job, let a city department head accept expensive gifts from firms his office deals with, and caught-ya stories blossom all over town. In support of such enterprise, newsmen frequently point out that the City Charter bars public employees from taking valuable gifts from anyone "interested directly or indirectly in any manner whatsoever in business dealings with the city." No doubt a wise proviso. In fact, one might go so far as to suggest the press live by it. For, as one local reporter put it, "everybody knows that reporters are the biggest freeloaders around."

Most journalists, of course, are honest. And the days are long gone when a boxing promoter like Mike Jacobs simply forked over as much as \$200 in exchange for favorable stories about his fighters. But conflicts of interest still exist in the press that are equal to and sometimes worse than the ones in government that reporters so eagerly expose. Consider, for example, Harry Schlegel. An assistant city editor at the *Daily News* who edits political stories and coordinated *News* coverage of 1970 elections, he also holds a \$900-a-month job as research director of New York State's Joint Legislative Committee on Interstate Cooperation. Joint legislative committees are not noted for arduous staff workloads. Schlegel said his main task is to prepare the committee's annual report. The committee is chaired by State Senator John J. Marchi, the *News*-supported candidate in the last mayoral election. But Schlegel, who has held his state job since 1966, sees nothing wrong with overseeing political copy while working for a prominent politician's committee. "The committee doesn't engage in politics. I guess the senator does every two years. I don't work

for the senator's campaign," he said, adding, "I cleared it with my superiors." According to one source, Schlegel has been heard to say that his bosses could hardly have refused his requests for a raise. *News* reporters maintain that Schlegel does not doctor copy; still, the appearance of a conflict of interest is certainly there, and it is just such appearances that send reporters scrambling after bureaucrats with sidelines.

Another *Daily News* reporter who has done a bit of moonlighting is Grover Ryder, the paper's Nassau County bureau chief. When questioned, Ryder at first said he had "never" worked for Jerry Ambro, supervisor of Huntington, a large Suffolk County town the bureau sometimes covers. He said he did advise occasionally in what was "only a friendship." It was "off-the-cuff" advice, he added. "I might make that kind of comment to anyone. Almost any reporter might do this."

According to personnel records in Huntington, Ryder was an "information officer" in the supervisor's office from 1968 through 1971. Confronted with that fact, Ryder said, "I worked for the town."

"But the records show you were in Ambro's office."

"That's a technical point."

"Did holding these two jobs create any problems in your reporting?"

"I don't think I'll answer that."

George Douris was not too anxious to answer questions, either. Douris is the City Hall bureau chief for the *Long Island Press* and has had a number of side jobs. "I put out union papers and gave speeches, but public relations I wouldn't do," he said. One union paper Douris helps to put out is *Front and Center*, the organ of the Patrolmen's Benevolent Association.

A number of reporters on the Paterson (N.J.) Evening News hold or have held side jobs in government, a practice the paper encourages. (It's cheaper than giving raises.) Arthur L. Guillermain covers Paterson city government and also serves as a tax assessor for Paterson at a salary of \$9,893 a year (according to a source at the local Board of Finance).

When asked if he thought this sideline created problems in covering the police, Douris said that he did not write about them. "I'm the City Hall bureau chief," he added. "I can cover what I want." (It was early February when I spoke to Douris. During the first nine days of that month alone, his byline appeared on a story about a police crackdown ordered for Times Square, a story on a bill involving the police department, and a story that dealt in part with councilmen fighting the job freeze for police and firemen.) In checking out a tip that another City Hall reporter aided in publishing *Front and Center*, I called the office of the PBA. The woman answering the phone had never heard of that reporter, but she suggested I talk to George Douris. Douris sometimes hands out press releases from the PBA and from Queens Councilman Matthew Troy in Room 9, the City Hall press room, with the comment, "I've got a hot one. I've got a hot one." In fairness, it must be stated that many reporters consider this a service to other reporters, not to the news sources. Douris invoked the name of the cops as he decided that I, a reporter, had no business asking him questions in the City Hall press room. "You leave," he shouted, "or I'll have a policeman throw you out."

When it comes to reporting on reporters, "there are no reporters present." That instruction appeared on the program of last year's Inner Circle dinner, the annual \$100-a-plate affair of political reporters and public relations men who used to be reporters. The reporters who gleefully pointed the finger in January at city employees who had their wives buy them \$100 seats for Lindsay's "Hot Rock" fund-raiser, in recent weeks themselves hustled \$100 tickets to the April 15 Inner Circle dinner.

The list of last year's Inner Circle ticket purchasers makes even more interesting reading than the "Hot Rock" roster, but at the time of the event it was not treated as news. Last fall, however, when Albert Seedman made page one after being temporarily removed from his post as chief of detectives for allegedly accepting a hotel meal worth about \$84, Sam Roberts of the *Daily News* broke with tradition and revealed who had bought tickets for city officials to the 1971 Inner Circle dinner:

"Housing and Development Administrator Albert Walsh, several of his commissioners, Public Works Commissioner Alfred Maevis and State Housing Commissioner Charles Urstadt were handed ducats by DeMatteis Construction Corp., which has dealings with the housing agency. Tickets were similarly bought by the taxicab industry for Deputy Transportation Administrator John de Roos and for franchise bureau director Morris Tarshis and Traffic Commissioner Theodore Karagheuzoff by the attorney for Green Bus Lines." Not surprisingly, Roberts' fine piece of reporting brought cries of treason from Room 9.

Some politicians feel it is difficult to refuse to buy a ticket, even when the sell is soft, just as they feel it is difficult to refuse reporters small favors. "Our lifeline in politics is the press," said one. "You'd rather go up against the Mafia with a penknife than take on the New York City press." Room 9 reporters can generally count on getting more than a dozen bottles of liquor at Christmas from politicians and labor unions. The reporters thoughtfully provide a list of the official Room 9 family as a convenience for would-be givers.

These practices represent the vestiges of a system that thrived only a decade ago when city hall reporters had public relations or "consulting" clients whose names would happen to appear in their columns. In those days, reporters expected a lot more than news from the government. On Harry O'Donnell's first day as press secretary to Mayor Lindsay, Vincent Caso, then a reporter for *Il Progresso*, told O'Donnell he needed a car to go to the dentist. O'Donnell was stunned, but he supplied the reporter with a city car, and then exclaimed: "What the hell goes on here?"

O'Donnell should have directed his question to his predecessor, Woody Klein, who in his startlingly candid book, *Lindsay's Promise: The Dream That Failed*, described his last column in the *World Telegram & Sun*, in which he advocated Lindsay's election: "I mentioned Lindsay's

housing program in this column. Of all the projected programs, his housing white paper entitled 'A Program for New York's Housing Crisis' was the one with which I was most familiar because I had written most of it myself." When Lindsay became mayor, Klein got the job of press secretary.

Such behavior is not quite so common in the city these days, but out on Long Island and in many small towns cozy relationships with government are no rarity. At the *Long Island Press*, for example, Sherman Phillips works nights covering everything from fires to government in the northeastern section of Nassau County and days doing public relations for the Nassau County Board of Elections. (Until recently Phillips was a police reporter.) Tony Panzarella, another *Press* reporter, has done public relations work for the Hicksville school district (which is not part of his beat, however), for other local organizations and for Mason Hampton, a conservative who ran for Congress. (He says this last was unpaid.)

A number of reporters on the Paterson (N.J.) *Evening News* hold or have held side jobs in government, a practice the paper encourages. (It's cheaper than giving raises.) Arthur L. Guillermain covers Paterson city government and also serves as a tax assessor for Paterson at a salary of \$9,893 a year (according to a source at the local Board of Finance). Bert Nawyn, another *Evening News* reporter, is a tax assessor in Prospect Park, N.J. and also does other work for the Passaic County government. He wrote a brochure used when the county vocational school was dedicated. He was paid "a small fee" for this, he said, adding, "they had no one else to write it." The brochure also appeared as an article in the *Evening News*. (Nawyn said that since he has tenure in his tax assessor position, he is not under financial pressure to report favorably on Prospect Park. Guillermain would not comment on his salary.)

Many reporters who have part-time jobs with government leave reporting for more lucrative government work. Bob McDonald, head of public relations for the Nassau County Republican Committee, earned \$500 a month at a part-time job doing public relations for the controversial Mitchell Field Development Corporation when he was a *Daily News* reporter. Frank Krauss left the *Daily News* to work for the town of North Hempstead. (He is now in private business.)

While only a small number of reporters take jobs with people they might have to report on, most don't think twice about accepting gifts. "I cannot imagine a paper anywhere that would let its reporters accept money," said Linda Charlton, a reporter for *The New York Times*. "but gifts are money." Charlton recalled that after she wrote a story on cigarette smuggling, a man from a public relations agency that handles cigarette accounts, called and asked her what brand she smoked. He wanted to send her ten cartons of cigarettes. To his surprise, she turned him down. "Reporters don't accept tips and presents," she told him. "Not even when you've finished the story?" he asked. "You really don't proposition a woman publicly within two minutes of meeting her," Charlton observed wryly, "unless you accept the assumption that she is a whore."

At almost all newspapers, departments like society and sports are deluged with offers of small gifts, junkets and special favors. "After I'd



been covering events at Bergdorf's for a year," said Judy Klemesrud of the *Times*. "they told me I was on the list for employees' discounts, which means getting about 15 to 20 per cent off. I said, 'I can't do that. I work for the *Times*. I have to cover you'. And the girl said, 'That's all right. Most of the other women's page reporters in town are on our list'." (This exchange took place three years ago. A recent call to find out current policy at Bergdorf's brought a partial denial).

Bernadine Morris, also of the *Times*, covers fashion and this season is wearing a Bonnie Cashin coat and Kimberly clothes she bought from these manufacturers wholesale. Like several of the other *Times* women's page reporters who also obtain clothing at wholesale prices, Morris sees nothing wrong with this practice. "I am paying the price they are getting from the stores," Morris said. "I wouldn't go beyond that." Better deals are offered, she said, adding, "I am troubled by people who do accept them—and they do."

"We'll do better than wholesale," stores urge reporters.

Walking into Mark Cross, a reporter was asked, "Here, how about this scarf?" "They assumed that since I was a reporter, I wanted to be paid off," she said.

Many stores send reporters a present whenever their name is mentioned. Blum's is big on chocolate cakes; with Schlitz, a case of beer; and if you're interested, you can get about a dozen hot dogs and buns with mustard and catsup in a plastic bag saying "Nathan's" just for mentioning Nathan's. More expensive gifts, like frozen rock cornish hen and t-bone steaks and jewelry, also arrive. "I get something worth under \$50—say \$20 or \$30—almost every day," said a *Times* woman's page reporter. "We all get it in my department."

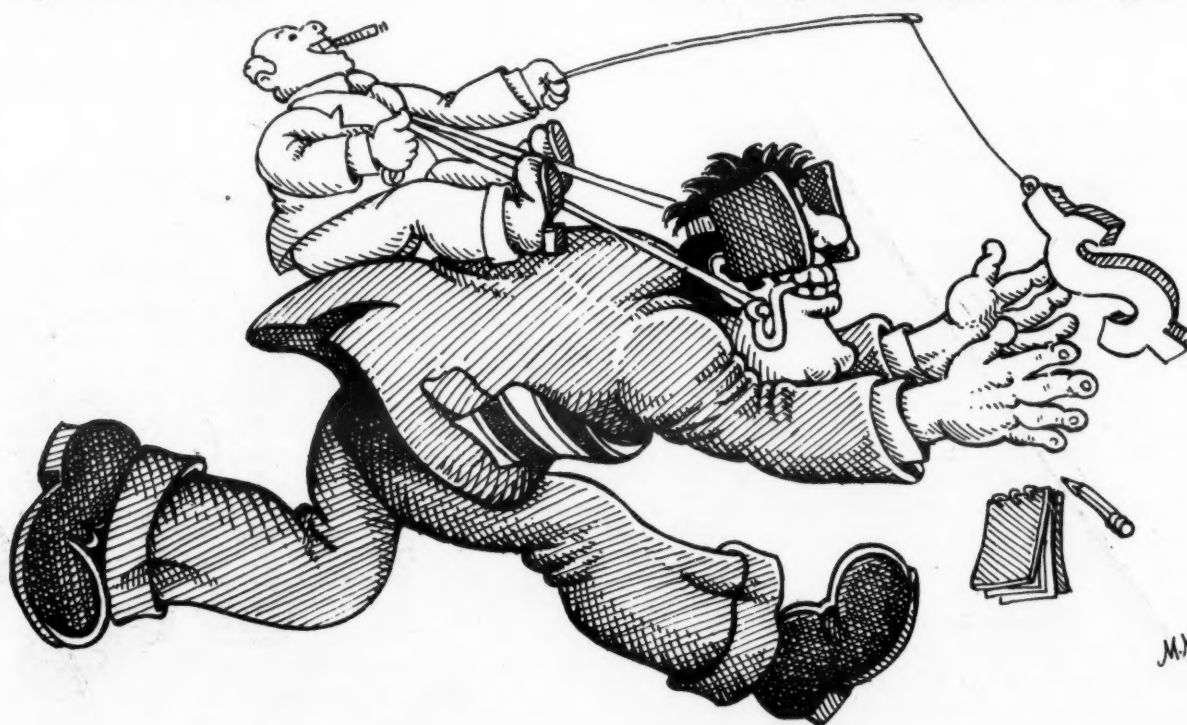
Reporters who specialize in business news also find themselves courted by the companies they write about. *Times* reporter Isadore Barmash has covered the retail industry for many years, and when his book, *Welcome to our Conglomerate—You're Fired*, was published, Gimbels threw a big party for him. Barmash says that his previous book had done very well at Gimbels, and he sees no reason why he should not have accepted a party from them. "I don't worry about that sort of thing," he explains. "If you're going to worry about that, you'll never get off the ground. Gimbels is very big in the book business. I write books." Public Relations people are members in full standing of the New York Financial Writers Association, which holds periodic meetings and sponsors an annual black-tie affair known as the "follies." Chris Welles, general editor of the *Institutional Investor* and not a member of the association, says that one year he attended the follies as a guest of Bethlehem Steel. At his table were reporters from the *Times*, *The Wall Street Journal* and *Business Week*. "The companies vie with each other to see which can get the most prestigious reporters at their table," observes Welles. As a *Times* reporter described the association to Welles: "The amount of p.r. infiltration is incredible. You sometimes wonder what the hell is going on. You know, a p.r. guy will call you up and say, 'I enjoyed talking to you at the Financial Writers meeting, and I have a hell of a good story for you'." Once a reporter gets his name on the Financial Writers' list, he will be assured of an abundant supply of liquor at Christmastime.

Freebies that accrue to the enterprising reporter equipped with a press pass range from discounts on cars and junkets to Bermuda to smaller stuff like free tickets to the Hayden Planetarium and most events at Madison Square Garden. Some sports writers call the Garden for free tickets to rock music events. They get them. About a year ago, it was discovered that some of the tickets being sold by scalpers outside the Garden bore marks indicating they had originally been distributed to the press. Reporters to whom the tickets had been issued claimed they had passed them on to friends who had passed them on to friends who...

A press agent for the circus, while taking a *Times* reporter and photographer on a circus story, was confronted with an insistent request: Where are all the circus tickets? We haven't gotten any circus tickets this year. We have men in the labs who want circus tickets. Photographer Barton Silverman was seeking freebies that many in the press have come to expect as a "divine right," in the words of the press agent involved. The press agent said he sent the tickets—about 50 of them. Silverman said he merely "inquired" and "checked out" about the tickets as a "favor" for members of his department. The press agent said that he didn't mind Silverman's request ("At least he was down there doing a story helping me to do my job"), but he does mind the flood of requests from people who don't do stories: "Everybody feels entitled to them, from linotype operators to secretaries in advertising. The phone never stops." Two people work full time during the circus' run doing nothing but arranging press tickets, he said. "The press here expects it rather than thinks it's a favor. They can scream and yell and carry on. I think many of the publishers here in town would be surprised at how their employees use the name of their publications."

Being a reporter can also pay off when it comes to buying a car from any of the Big Three. Ford has what it calls a "press plan," whereby journalists pay "four per cent more than the dealer pays, and we pay the dealer four per cent more," according to a company public relations man. The manager of the Chrysler dealership in Manhattan said a Dodge could be purchased for "what it costs the dealer plus \$50," and added, "You can see—it's a good deal for you." General Motors has "no press discount per se," according to its public relations office, but "courtesy cars"—slightly used models—can be had for significant savings. "It would be worth your while," said the p.r. man. The prices at GM vary, but he indicated that a Vega retailing for about \$2,800 might be marked down to something like \$2,200-\$2,300.

Talking with the man at Ford, I deliberately gave him the impression that I was a *Daily News* reporter. Would accepting the discount get me into trouble with the *Daily News*? I asked. "I guess at the *Daily News* we've got a couple dozen customers," he replied. "We have customers all around town—in radio, TV, newspapers, magazines." (The Ford man added that discounts are available only to editorial employees.) A similar tactic with the Chrysler dealer prompted the following response: "Oh, no, you're entitled to that. We sell five-six-seven cars a month to people over at the *News*—and not just there, either...This is one of your benefits." He explained that reporters should deal directly with management, avoiding the salespeople, who are supposed to get commissions.



"Just call me up before you come over," he said encouragingly. "We'll take care of you."

Crude cash is rarely the coin nowadays, but it is still offered. One *Times* reporter recalled with discomfort how a woman he was writing about offered him and the photographer covering the story each a bottle of champagne and a \$20 bill. "The photographer took the champagne and the \$20 bill. . .and I took the champagne," he said. Another New York reporter said he had once received a thank-you note with \$50 enclosed from a City Councilman mentioned in a story. "I went into shock, wiped my fingerprints off it and sent it back," he said. "At Christmas, he did it again. I don't know if I was naive or he was naive."

Some of the little "extras" may seem harmless enough, but where do you draw the line? Leonard Buder and Bernard Bard, education reporters for the *Times* and the *New York Post*, respectively, participated in seminars for principals run by the Board of Education (why not?) and got paid for it (why not?). This is a situation I could easily see myself getting into, but one can question the propriety of accepting money from people one writes about, and it is startling to see Buder and Bard listed as "consultants" on a Board pay roster for this work (paid \$100 and \$50, respectively). Buder told me he hadn't expected to receive any reimbursement. "I've spoken to 15 or 20 of these [seminars]," he remarked, "and this was the only time I was paid."

Sports writers double as official scorers at baseball games—a seemingly innocuous practice, perhaps, even at \$40 a game. But one sports reporter observed that some scorers are reluctant to call too many errors for fear of antagonizing the players and losing out on interviews. In some quarters, of course, the junket is perceived as another fringe benefit, along with pensions and medical insurance. Hollywood, private industry, the Pentagon and the travel industry all, of course, offer free trips on which they hope for a return in favorable publicity.

Some reporters I talked with suggested that a "Knapp Commission" for the press be established. The idea of a commission set up to investigate journalists, or of any formal industry-wide rules, seems horrifying to others, including me, as does any suggestion of "regulation" of the press.

Some papers have taken a strong stand against freeloaders. *Newsday*, for one, has a strict policy that bars reporters from accepting any freebies, including meals. "Nobody buys us lunch," said a *Newsday* spokesman. "We always pick up the tab." According to Peter Millones, assistant to the managing editor at the *Times*, "A reporter is not supposed to accept any kind of gift." At the *Post*, reporters say a policy against taking gifts or free trips exists. (Dorothy Schiff, the paper's publisher, declined comment.) The *Long Island Press* has a similar policy, said managing editor Sam Ruinsky, but according to some sources, many of its reporters and even some of its editors seem not to have heard of it. The policy at the *Daily News* is, according to Edward Quinn, assistant to the executive editor, "the old cliché—there's nothing wrong with a bottle of Scotch, but you'd raise your eyebrows at a case."

At the *Long Island Press*, the practice of accepting second jobs is easily explained. Newhouse salaries are notoriously low, and an example

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is hardly set by editors who have taken junkets and complained when their freebies are not properly delivered by the mail room. Some reporters also feel that the paper has chiseled its own reporters by putting some people whose articles appear in the *Press* on the staff of the "ABC News Service," which supplies stories only to the *Long Island Press*. These reporters often work in the *Press* office, but are not covered by the *Press*' Newspaper Guild contract and minimum wage rules.

About five years ago the Newspaper Guild challenged this practice before the National Labor Relations Board. The Guild lost. The man then the NLRB hearing examiner (whose duties were to hold the hearing, report the facts, but not make the decision) is now an attorney in private practice, and among his clients is the *Press*. (The decision against the Guild was based on the argument that the Guild had waived the right to issue on behalf of ABC employees because the ABC operation had been in existence for 20 years and the Guild had never included it in contract negotiations.) ABC once had other clients in addition to the *Press*.

According to sources from the *Press*, the paper's employees are directed to mention non-advertisers less frequently than advertisers in news copy. "We're not in business to be canvassed and answer these questions," said women's editor Clara Doctor when this matter was raised. "You're asking confidential questions."

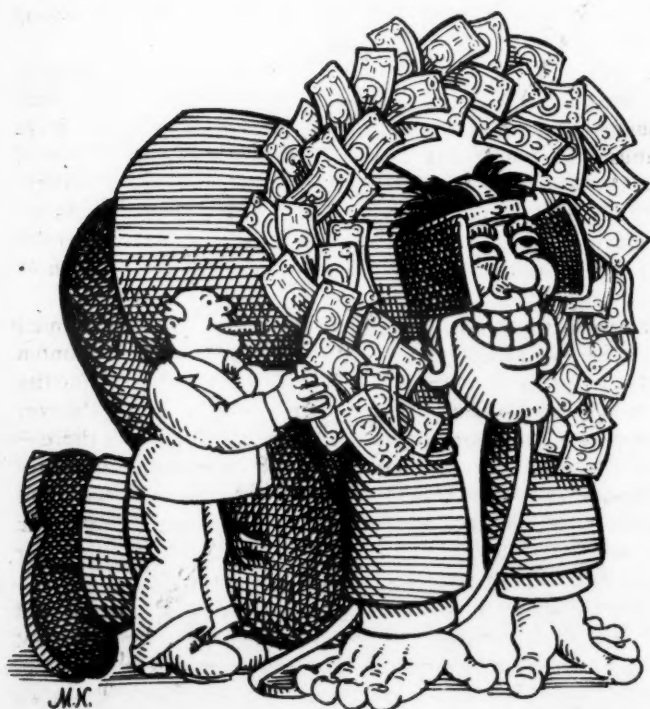
It is frequently pitifully low salaries that drive journalists to take second jobs. "Reporters work part time with the ultimate aim of leaving the paper," one reporter observed. "There are any number of political public relations jobs that pay in the \$20,000 to \$30,000 range or higher." "I'm not an expert on government," said another reporter who has a job with a county government he sometimes covers. "I'm only an expert on making a living."

A *Daily News* reporter who admitted writing press releases for politicians on an unpaid basis said, "You wake up screaming with the nightmare that your editor asks you to rewrite your own press release." A public relations man complained that reporters who take public relations accounts represent "unfair competition for me as a businessman. I have pitched [non-political] accounts that ended up with a newspaperman who could guarantee coverage"—in his own paper, at least. Another public relations man explained how he and his colleagues encouraged reporters to write stories by giving gifts ranging from free tickets to the loan of camper-trailers. "It takes two to tango," he said. "If the story is good enough, there is no need for any reimbursement like that." I had always known how much contempt many reporters felt for flacks. I had never suspected public relations men and press agents felt—or had reason to feel—similar contempt for the press.

I realize also that most of what I have described is rather small compared to the behavior of some publishers, who print pious editorials about ecology while their own paper mills are major polluters, who claim to be guardians of sacred press freedoms while blue-penciling their reporters' controversial copy. "Why investigate the cops and not your big advertisers?" asked one *Times* reporter.

A fine, honest reporter complained to me about press agents and public relations men "who keep showering us with all this graft." A straightforward public relations man complained of the insistent requests for freebies he received. Honest, good politicians complained that "history is subverted" because of the favors and jobs reporters have, or hope for, from politicians they cover. Then one of these politicians showed me a *Queens* weekly that, as agreed, printed as an article a press release she sent them—after she had placed an ad in the paper.

Perhaps most disturbing, the incidents described above reflect only a small fraction of the questionable activities I heard about in the several months I spent researching this article. Some reporters, in fact, who privately boasted of "contracts" to do work conflicting with the beat they covered, expressed sanctimonious outrage that their "private" activities should even be questioned. Many fine journalists in New York expressed anger and profound sadness at what they saw going on around them. "I've been so disillusioned seeing what just a small reporter like myself gets," said one, "sometimes with the big people I can't believe anything they say. I know what the temptations are."



Who Cares About the Pulitzer Prize?

BY JOHN McCORMALLY

When I offered the *Columbia Journalism Review* this assessment of the Pulitzer Prizes, its editor, Al Balk, brushed off what he described as "Mr. McCormally's personal problem of not being able to do what every good judge of every award contest must do (and I know this from several years of award experience)—screen out the obvious chaff by skimming and then concentrate on the worthy survivors that remain." I was not offended but delighted by Balk's gratuitous dismissal. It beautifully summarized what I'd been groping for: that at Columbia the Pulitzer is just another prize—like those in Balk's several years of award experience.

Balk's reaction confirmed what I discovered in 1971 as a Pulitzer juror. It solidified suspicions I first felt in 1965 as a Pulitzer winner. And if the Mother House on Morningside Heights has a ho-hum attitude about what is supposed to be journalism's most prestigious award, is it surprising that the working press is little impressed, the general public couldn't care less, and many young would-be journalists don't even know what we're talking about?

I helped select last year's Pulitzer winner for local investigative reporting—the category that involves the great traditional image of the crusading reporter. I don't know whether the best job of investigative reporting done in America that year was even considered. I don't know whether, of those considered, the best one won. I don't know because in nine hours, five fellow judges and I were expected to consider a million words, in 134 separate entries, and come up with five finalists. Later, a board of advisors picked the winner from the five, without knowing what we, in our haste, had discarded. The system allows for some pretty good journalism to get lost in the "chaff."

The judges' haste is only one reason to question whether the Pulitzers are a true measure of journalistic worth in this time of journalistic sorrow. The Pulitzer process also suffers because the Advisory Board is a self-perpetuating aristocracy; women and the young have been excluded from the judging; so has everyone else outside newspaper executive ranks.* Editors of papers with entries under consideration sit on the juries. Little initiative is taken to solicit candidates for the prizes, thus a premium is put on orthodoxy. No special effort is made to go out beyond traditional, established commercial newspapers to seek daring, or even innovative, work.

When I came in out of the cold in March of 1971, I found a cardboard sign, taped to a first floor wall of Columbia's Journalism building, directing me to the scene of my labors—the World Room (after Joseph Pulitzer's *World*). The universality, the omniscience of the name is borne out by its appearance. It is a church kind of place: comfortably carpeted, with a dais at one end and even a stained-glass window. It seemed an ideal setting for deliberations such as ours. There was a table of coffee and sweet rolls at one side for those who had come hungry and chilled out of the March blizzard.

Forty-eight of us had been chosen as Pulitzer jurors by John Hohenberg, who submits the names for approval to the Pulitzer Advisory Board, of which he has been secretary for 18 years. The same unexplained preference which picked us in the first place had already subdivided us into juries of four to six and assigned each jury to one of the 10 categories for which journalism prizes are awarded. The chairman of each jury had also been designated by Hohenberg, a 66-year-old professor of journalism who has been at Columbia since 1948.

Having accepted Hohenberg's invitation to serve and having paid my way to New York, I was never consulted about my choice of assignment, nor given any voice in selection of my group's chairman. But I didn't mind. They were all perfectly congenial fellows and obviously competent, as their titles attested. John Leard, executive editor of the *Richmond Times-Dispatch* and *News Leader* was chairman of our

"Category 3 Local Special and Investigative Reporting." The others were: Robert C. Achorn, editor of the *Worcester (Mass.) Telegram and Gazette*; Eric W. Allen Jr., editor of the *Medford (Ore.) Mail Tribune*; Harold E. Martin, editor and publisher of the *Montgomery Advertiser* and *Alabama Journal*, and John McClelland Jr., editor and publisher of the *Longview (Wash.) Daily News*.

My uneasiness began with Hohenberg's announcements. It was going on 10 o'clock this Friday morning, and we would break for a two-hour lunch. We weren't to worry if we did not finish by 5 o'clock. The room would be locked overnight and all the material safe. Another lunch was scheduled for those who might still be here Saturday noon. It was not expected to take longer than that. The chore would not cut too deeply into anyone's weekend. I was stunned. I had come prepared for some long days and perhaps nights of work. I had learned the trade on the only two newspapers in Kansas with Pulitzer Prizes—William Allen White's *Emporia Gazette* and Jack Harris's *Hutchinson News*. I'd grown up in awe of the prizes. I was, as Al Balk later perceived, terribly naive—a country boy come to the big city.

My unease grew when a hurried count showed 134 nominations in our category. If each submitted the allowed 10 clippings, that would be 1,340 pieces. They might average 1,000 words each. There must have been a million words in that pile. Whole careers were at stake, and my colleagues were talking of perhaps eight—certainly no more than 12—hours for the job! (We actually spent nine.)

Nor was that the only disturbing discovery. Columbia, a giant of universities in the giant of all cities, was short of space. We couldn't have a separate, quiet room for our deliberations, such as the most minor misdemeanor jury gets in the courthouse back home in Iowa. Some of the groups did merit solitude, but we shared the World Room with three other juries—those judging public service, general local reporting and national reporting. The deliberations of the four separate groups intruded on one another, making concentration difficult. The crowded World Room seemed to suggest that what we were doing wasn't all that important that it required total concentration. It was also a little bit unnerving to try coldly to judge a reporter's work, aware that his editor was sitting across the room.

Our 134 entries were in notebooks and scrapbooks of such varied shapes and sizes as to defy easy stacking. What we needed were long rows of tables on which to spread them for contemplative comparison; but what we had was one medium-sized horseshoe table shoved into one corner of the room. We scattered scrapbooks on the floor, stacked them on the window sill and the piano bench, and tussled with them on our laps.

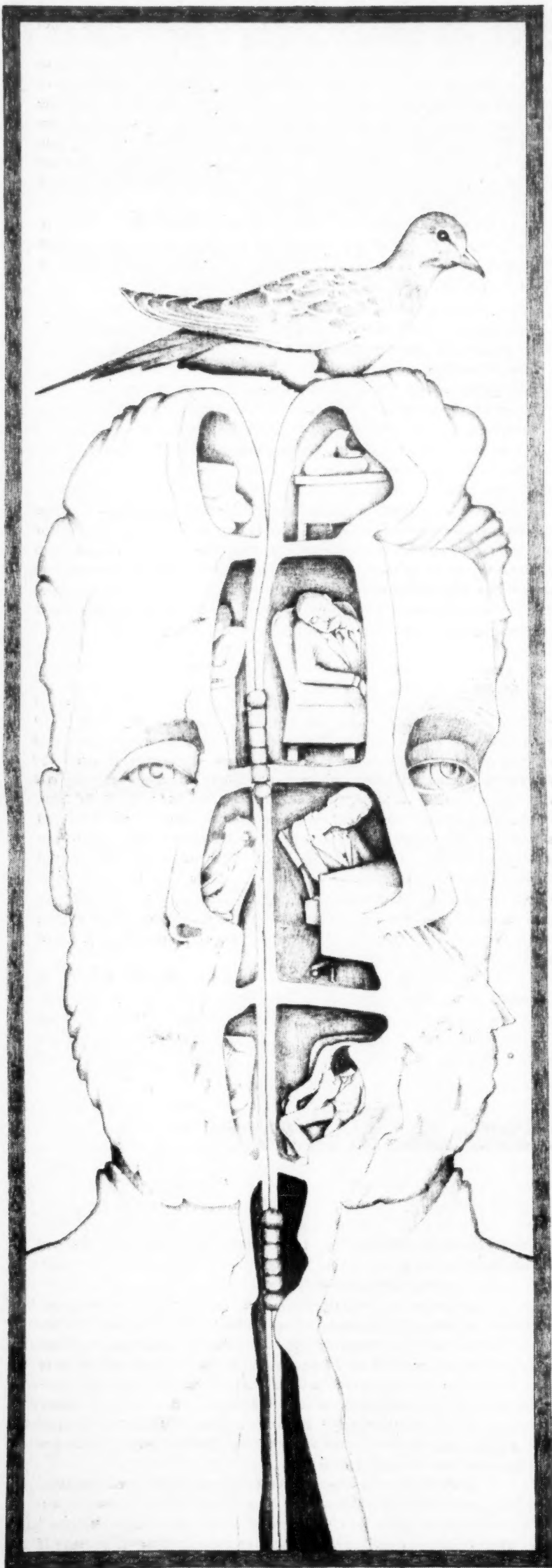
Our jury's procedure was to divide the stack of entries into sub-piles, roughly categorized according to subject area, and each of us waded into a pile. The objective was for each, by the end of the day, to have identified his list of favorites which would be pared to a list of finalists the following day. Our instruction from Hohenberg stated that "the Advisory Board does like three to six recommendations from each jury, with strong reasons for each choice in the jury report."

My first, hurried scan of the entries reinforced the first nagging impression of the World Room: stained-glass conformity. Entries were polarized around such well-plowed journalistic terrain as pollution, drugs and welfare abuse. Of course, it is the duty of the press to take notice of these. But it was obvious that, if the press were properly anticipatory, these subjects would have been wrung dry two or three or five years ago. As for crime and corruption in high places—they have been newsroom staples since the penny press! And there they were in profusion. I got through 48 scrapbooks by noon.

The commitment to Victorian convention was confirmed beyond doubt when we adjourned at 12:15 for lunch with Columbia President William J. McGill in the Men's Faculty Club. Men's Faculty Club, indeed. But then, why not? There were no women on the Pulitzer juries. Apparently never had been. Never would be. (I was wrong there—but more about that later.) We did include Moses Newsom of the *Afro-American Newspapers*, so we weren't lily white, as I'd begun to fear. But here we were, the lesser elite of the American press, come to honor the best among us, and we were totally male—more than a half century after women's suffrage and well into the era of women's liberation.

At the end of the day I had marked 63 entries as rejected, not worth further study. The remaining 71 I had either not yet looked at or put aside for further study, with a tentative rating on each ranging from "fair" to "very possible." I wanted to spend the night with some of them, but we were shooed out of the room, which was locked behind us. No plans were

*The Advisory Board, which can "select, accept, substitute or reject the recommendations of the jurors," this year includes: William J. McGill, president, Columbia University; Benjamin C. Bradlee, executive editor, *The Washington Post*; Wallace Carroll, editor and publisher, *Winston-Salem (N.C.) Journal & Sentinel*; John Cowles, president and editorial chairman, *The Minneapolis Star & Tribune*; Price Day, editor-in-chief, *The Baltimore Sun*; William B. Dickinson, executive editor, *The Philadelphia Bulletin*; Robert J. Donovan, associate editor and columnist, *The Los Angeles Times*; Lee Hills, president and executive editor, Knight Newspapers, Inc.; Sylvan Meyer, editor, *The Miami News*; Newbold Noyes, Jr., editor, *The Washington Star*; Joseph Pulitzer, Jr., editor and publisher, *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*; James Reston, vice president, *The New York Times*; Vermont C. Royster, contributing editor, *The Wall Street Journal*, and John Hohenberg, secretary to the board. Until 1954, members served for life. They now are limited (if that is the word) to three four-year terms.



announced for a night session to try to determine what we were or ought to be looking for. The jurors went their various ways to whatever social engagements called.

I dined with an old friend, a teacher and practitioner of the trade, and poured out my agony. Where, I cried, was the cutting edge? I had looked in vain for the penetrating series on the woman's movement, or on the new definition and new acceptance of homosexuality, for a sensitive study of draft evaders; for something besides the same, prosaic Prohibition-era approach to drugs.

I kept looking for something else, too—for the reporter who had to swim upstream all the way, had to fight state house and city hall and the pulpit and the ad department and maybe his own desk, to get his story into print and give society its rude awakening—and for the paper that would let him. Where was there a real bastard, a Ralph Nader, in the reporting ranks? Most of the investigations, however well done, merely confirmed what the public already knew was wrong. There were crime exposes that had won letters of praise from governor, mayor and police chief; an investigation of the power structure so respectfully done the Chamber of Commerce sent out reprints.

And I kept looking for good writing. News writing and beautiful writing needn't be mutually exclusive, I insist. Our instructions, set forth in the Advisory Board's "Plan of Award," were to give "prime consideration to initiative, resourcefulness, research and *high quality of writing*." It bothered me that in the jury room, as in that preceding sentence, writing came last.

I had found, before the day was over, two entries just enough outside the mold to beguile me: hopeful, if imperfect, examples of what I'd been searching for. Neither was totally unorthodox or terribly daring. But one was simply exquisite writing. The other was a mildly outrageous assault on community smugness.

The first, by Lawrence C. Hall of the *Doylestown* (Pa.) *Daily Intelligencer*, caught my eye, I confess, because the nomination had been made by James A. Michener who, I thought, ought to know about good writing. He does. It was the one entry I read for the sheer joy of it. It was another anti-pollution series, one of 10 in the pile, but this one was different. It was a simple, step-by-step chronicle of the death of a little stream: murder by industrial poison, with the blame pinned squarely on corporate and government officials. But it shook no empires, for it was about a small stream, in a small paper in a small town.

The other, by Lucie Lowery and Carter Barber for the *Pasadena Star-News*, exposed new style prostitution in massage parlors in Pasadena. An old subject, but handled with refreshing irreverence. What I liked was the way it brought from the pulpits simultaneous praise for public service, and shock at the discovery Pasadena had sex.

While I searched for something better, I kept these two favorites out of the reject pile through most of the following morning, until in the semi-finals they fell before more orthodox competition. Our jury's procedure was to go around the table with a final list of 20 or so. We eliminated any against which there was one vote until we got down to five to recommend to the Advisory Board. In retrospect, here was the time to have argued more forcefully, but institutions can compel conformity not merely by dictum, but also by time and place. One was intimidated by the presence of other, busy juries in the same room. There was no provision for a hung jury, anyway. And, besides, it was nearly noon. We would come back from lunch only to write the report, after a total of nine hours' deliberation. I signed the report, not really able to say that the very best available had not been chosen, and nothing rare and brilliant wasted. But I couldn't be sure. Some of those on the reject pile I never got around to reading.

The jury, incidentally, gave first ranking to Gene Hunter of the *Honolulu Advertiser* for a series exposing crime in Hawaii. It was a good, journeyman job by a veteran reporter, and reminded me of one of my family's favorite TV shows, and the jury noted that Hunter exhibited great personal courage in attacking a serious local problem.

The Advisory Board the following month overruled the jury and chose our second place recommendation, an expose, by William James of the *Chicago Tribune*, of ambulance service abuses that resulted in 16 indictments in Chicago. The other top reporting investigations in the nation in 1970, we decided, concerned child abuse in New Jersey, police pay-offs in New York and pollution in Florida.

I wrote a couple of columns for the *Hawk-Eye* about my disillusioning look behind the Pulitzer scene and sent them to Hohenberg. Hohenberg has been described as "crusty and imperious" by Pulitzer critics. He is proud and protective about the Pulitzer process. Writers like Robert J. Bendiner have noted his evasiveness and non-cooperation. He politely replied to me that he was sending my columns on to the Advisory Board. "Coming from the editor of a paper that won the Pulitzer Prize gold

medal for public service through this method of judging, I'm sure they'll be impressed," he said. If they were, they kept it to themselves.

No one can argue that the prizes have not been bestowed on outstanding journalists for outstanding work. When obviously superior performance has presented itself (such as Seymour Hersh or David Halberstam on Vietnam), the Pulitzer apparatus does not falter. But neither is it geared to search out the unusual. On the contrary, its makeup almost guarantees it will be stuffy and out of touch. There is a certain anxiety about abiding by the terms of Joseph Pulitzer's will, and maybe that means the Pulitzers are supposed to be guardians of old traditions rather than a breaker of new paths. In any case, no matter what is done to encourage more meaningful nominations or to improve the judging process, the prizes won't mean much unless the Pulitzer Board—and the profession as a whole—want them to.

I believe—and I think thousands of lovers of this craft, both in and out of it, would like to believe—that the Pulitzer prizes can and should mean more. They should be a means of focusing on journalistic greatness—on public service worthy of the First Amendment—to counter the growing criticism of journalism. They should be a tool for luring the brightest, most searching young people into journalism and helping to inspire them once they're in. At this they're a complete flop. At worst, the potential journalists are repelled, at best left in blissful ignorance.

Deans Ed Bassett at Kansas and Malcolm Maclean at Iowa helped me poll students in their journalism schools to test my suspicion that the labors of my fellow jurors and I last year went largely unnoticed by the young people we editors should be most concerned about. The survey, early in 1972, included 86 journalism undergraduates at Kansas, 42 at Iowa. Instructors passed out the three-part questionnaire in class, allowing no opportunity for research. The first question listed the 10 categories for which journalism prizes were awarded in May, 1971, and asked the students to name as many of the winners as possible. Not a single respondent at either school could name a single winner, except that at Iowa, for "spot news photography" one student wrote—correctly—"the Kent State girl photo." And isn't there something wrong when none of the students at two of the country's top journalism schools could remember that the late Merriman Smith of UPI had won a Pulitzer for his story on President Kennedy's assassination yet several listed Howard K. Smith, and other television lights, as winners of a prize reserved for newspaper journalists?

Maybe the Pulitzers are hopelessly archaic. But they needn't be, and the best way to rescue them is by reforming the nominating process. Hohenberg is sensitive about what he calls "the principle of unlimited free nominations," and I agree that everyone within the broadest boundaries of whatever is defined as newspaper journalism should be able to enter the competition. That's just it. While technically anyone can play, nothing is done through the year to search for new talent or unorthodox approaches. Entries come almost automatically from the large papers, some of which even maintain departments dedicated solely to preparing and carrying out this kind of promotion. It is possible that the best work is the last thing the promotion department wants to be reminded of—the

story that embarrassed the publisher, lost advertising and got the reporter fired.

As much as women and youth, the Pulitzer juries need also to include some non-press critics of the press to make the process more representative of and responsive to the most vital forces at work in the society. Somewhere among the jurors or advisors there ought to be room for a Nader, a Jesse Jackson, a Walter Hickel, a Saul Alinsky, a Gloria Steinem or an F. Lee Bailey; maybe even a Spiro Agnew and a Daniel Berrigan—people able not only to concede what the press is capable of doing, but also recognize what it doesn't do.

One reform definitely needed is to bar completely from judging all representatives of papers with entries in any category. A half-hearted effort is now made to recognize the problem of conflict of interest. In a memorandum distributed to the 1971 jurors, Hohenberg wrote:

"Jury assignments are based on those categories in which individual jurors have no conflict of interest. Occasionally, because an organization submits entries in all categories, a juror may find a possible conflict. If this happens, he may abstain from voting if the entry is not of major importance or withdraw entirely from the judging. But in no event should he participate in discussion of, or voting on an exhibit in which he has an interest and should be marked as either abstaining or not present on such votes."

I suppose that means well. But try concentrating with complete objectivity on the work of a reporter whose editor is across the table or across the room, or chatting at lunch with you. His presence is bound to have an effect, however slight or subliminal. And it is so unnecessary. Let those who want badly enough to be judges refrain from entering anything that year, and vice-versa. There will be no shortage of either competent jurors or qualified entries.

Given the times, the changes I have proposed seem altogether modest. Yet if they were made, the Pulitzer Prizes for journalism might stand a chance of becoming a real instrument for improving the quality of writing and reporting in American newspapers. Especially if once the awards were announced some concentrated effort was made to make the public more aware of what good journalists can do. As things stand now, the prizes are simply announced and that's pretty much that. Why not distribute to newspapers, schools, civic organizations and elsewhere packets containing at least excerpts of prize-winning articles and editorials? Of course, that would cost. But no more than the lobbying effort for the "Newspaper Preservation Act" (which now allows newspapers to violate the spirit of antitrust legislation). And this failure of ours to exploit the excellence we're capable of, while perpetuating the pap, may bring us really to the question of our preservation.

None of this matters, of course, if the Pulitzer purpose is professional masturbation—if the prizes are meant only for the self-gratification of a tiny clique of givers and receivers, and if neither the public nor the profession at-large is supposed to be bothered. But if that's it, why not just install another stained glass window in the World Room?

'He'll Think You Baked All Day'

BY BARBARA J. SIEGEL

Every young girl is well apprised of the formula by the time she gets out of grade school. If she becomes a blonde, has long eyelashes, white teeth and clear skin, smokes a woman's cigarette and sprays herself from head to toe to cover up the fact that she has a living, breathing body, she will be rewarded—with a man. Every time she picks up a magazine or newspaper or turns on her radio or television, the message is clear. L'Aimant perfume is "just one more pleasure you can give him." Hyperphaze says, "That shine on your face should come from him, not from your skin." Kotex advises, "Be John's wife. Be Cathy's mother." And last—and certainly least—"Be your own woman."

The advertising industry can hardly be accused of inventing sexism. The process begins, of course, as soon as a baby girl is tagged with a pink bracelet in the hospital nursery. But nowhere is male chauvinism quite so vigorously promulgated as along Madison Avenue. To admen, women are not individual human beings but desperate creatures in search of a man or happy drones on the nation's largest, most exploited assembly line ("Is it soup yet?" "More Parks Sausages, Ma"). In recent months, the

industry has found itself under increasing attack for perpetuating these demeaning stereotypes. But before we get to this hopeful phenomenon, let's examine some more of the evidence.

The ad is for Wind Song Perfume. The picture is of a man, feet propped up on his desk, dreaming. The copy reads: "I can't seem to forget you . . . I can't seem to forget you. Your Wind Song stays on my . . . Wind Song stays on my mind." Not her, but her Wind Song. After all, a woman is only as memorable as her perfume is. Intelligence, charm, and wit—personhood—have no place here. It's smelling right that counts. "Promise her anything but give her Arpege." Unwritten, but implied, is that that's the kind of stuff you can get away with when you deal with women. They are that gullible, passive and accepting.

"Slender is for starting Monday to look great on Saturday." Saturday being date-night for the clever girls who diet for a week in advance. After all, the copy says, "Just one extra pound can ruin it for you." On the other hand, physical defects enhance the glamour of a man; if you're a man, you can have grey hair, a cane and a limp—you can even

The Olivetti print is a secretary's typist who has been straining eyes and an attention lately for his amazing performance on this typewriter. Because no matter how fast the typist types the name makes a mistake: his, who may be neither than other typists.

2. I offer a necessary by any printer.

Then what makes an Olivetti girl such a professional typist?

Her name: Olivetti's Typewriter of Olivetti!

This typewriter can actually think for itself. Because it has a brain inside that makes the four most common typing mistakes absolutely impossible.

No flying caps.
No improper spacing.
No shading or guttering.
No crowding or pulling!

That's why an Olivetti girl can type as fast as a bell it does. And this character, however, never gets tired.

That's why an Olivetti girl has more fun. And that's why, always, she takes pleasure in typing nice things about her

The Olivetti type is a secondary typist who is becoming attractive to all attention for his increasing performance on the typewriter because no matter how fast she types she rarely makes a mistake! No one can be prouder than other typists, but she after her necessary rest.

Then what makes an Olivetti girl a phenomenal typist? No one says Olivetti Electric Typists are a political party. This type is not actually a party, but because it has a brain inside that makes the most common typing mistakes absolutely impossible.

- No flying caps!
- No missing spaces!
- No shading or choosing!
- No crowding on lines!

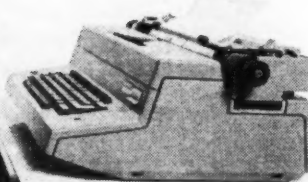
That's why an Olivetti girl can really beat it out. And is stronger, faster, never upstage.

That's why an Olivetti girl has a lot to say. And that's why she, people are saying such funny nice things about her.

P.S. to Office Managers:
You never have to overspend for an Olivetti Electric Typewriter!
Because we have six different models, priced from \$255 to \$709,
each matched to a specific secretarial work load.
(Did you know that mismatched typewriters
are costing American businesses millions of dollars a year?)
To get more information,
see the Yellow Pages
for the nearest Olivetti office.

olivetti
The American Dream Machines

• Most typewriters, portable typewriters, calculators, proofreading machines, adding machines, electronic bookkeeping, office copiers, electronic word processing systems, office computers.



Answer to them: "It's hard."
And since we're friends, "Can I call?"
Muzza: "Put me on hold." And...
And you'll wait there in New York, Miami,
Los Angeles, San Francisco... even London.
It must be something out of the movie, because business is
never open and still waiting for you. You see, Cheryl Ann
mums were brought in to make a deal at the phone office for
newcomers. "What you need is to talk about it people behind
the scenes for you."
Cheryl Ann mums are going to be what we see
Natalie. We're going to meet some more in the future.
We're in a great situation and made them way of getting
out there so you can go on your own.
By the way...
In the future, we'll be able to call a direct line
into the phone office. But, I'm not sure about that.

Fly Jo. Fly National.



Joyce Shoes. For the liberated woman.

"Fresh Deodorant remembers you're a girl. Somebody's girl. And we don't want anything to get in the way." "New Deodorant Modess. It has twice as much deodorant as any other napkin. Because you're not usually alone." Doesn't that imply that when you are alone it's permissible to use the napkin with half the deodorant protection of Modess? "When you use Clairol Nice'n Easy Haircoloring, it lets you be you," the ad says. In the Alice-in-Wonderland world of advertising, artifice reveals "the real you." It seems there is always one more consumer product that is going to help a woman be "really herself," find her "true identity"—a phrase which is interchangeable in advertising with "finding a man."

Even advertising acknowledges that a sweet smell won't result in *eternal* happiness. That lucky creature who has found her true identity—her man—has no cause for complacency. If her chicken is greaseless, her glassware spotless, her kitchen odorless, her hostessing matchless, her children germless, her energy boundless, and her figure flawless, she *may* get to keep that man, or get him to keep her.

What is the "real" woman doing who (pretends to) dust all day and (pretends to) bake all day? Another television commercial tells us: A husband replaces some tiles on a kitchen floor; tragically, the wife discovers that the rest of the floor looks yellow. (Before you're married it's yellow *teeth* that'll do you in; after you're married, it's yellow *floors*.) So, agonized, she scrubs and washes and waxes with Klear. And when she's done, she says, in a tone bordering on ecstasy, "I felt *proud*. Jim did too."

Meanwhile, he is seeing his identity reflected in the important job that rates him a "Bigelow on the floor." Television wives move into new kitchen-prisons; television husbands move up to new, interesting jobs. Television husbands prove themselves by the rigors of competition (no commercial has ever asked a woman to read *The Wall Street Journal*); television wives prove themselves by the quality of their snacks. Even if a wife works, it's still her cooking that counts: "It isn't every girl who can work and run a house," says Stouffer's. And just in case we might be tempted to think being such a Superwoman would inspire her husband to gratitude, Stouffer's reminds her: "Luckily you've got an understanding husband. Tonight, you're going to thank him for all the times he could've grumped and didn't."

Women, however, are never allowed to be grumpy, not even when they have the flu. Cold-remedy commercials show women getting well, not for themselves, but for their families. If she takes two tablets every four hours she'll get well so that she can get back to serving the juice, cooking the breakfast, and washing the dishes. And then he'll be proud of her again.

Sealy Posturepedic says, "Buying a new mattress is a decision you both should make. So this ad is written for you both." The body copy of this androgynous ad tells the woman how a lot of good rest is important to her *family's* comfort and health; and it tells the man how *he* gets a better night's sleep from a firm mattress. It goes on to explain the Sealy sleep system to the husband, and then tells him, "Now that you've just learned about the Sealy Posturepedic Sleep System, see if you can explain it to your wife" (the dumbbell who spends all her time seeing that he gets a good night's sleep).

And since wives seem to need all the help they can get, Birdseye takes up the call in the form of a free booklet titled, "Meals to Please a Man." Women aren't even allowed to enjoy food for its own sake.

When cooking and sewing are needed at home, where such work is unpaid and poorly rewarded, it is the women who do it. But when an authority is called for, the great chef is always a man, as is the great fashion designer, or the great hairdresser. When work performed is

mindless, then women get the call. But when creativity and inspiration are called for, bring on the men. Those who succeed, even at women's work, are usually men.

The husband in the Geritol commercial, after rattling off a list of the things his wife does, such as taking care of the house, the kids, picking him up at the station, and cooking up a romantic dinner, proudly proclaims, "My wife, I think I'll keep her." And why shouldn't he? According to columnist Sylvia Porter, a typical U.S. housewife puts in at least 99.6 hours per week working at twelve well-defined occupations (cook, chauffeur, maid, etc.) valued in the open market at a minimum of \$257.53 a week. What she gets in actual pay is \$000.00.

But since the advent of the women's movement, increasing numbers of these supposedly grateful slaves are becoming aware of the insidious nature of advertising. The advertisers and their agencies are again and again being confronted by women protesting the exploitative nature of their ads. And they are beginning to listen, which is small comfort until one recalls the disheartening experiences of only a short time ago.

Irma Diamond, of the Image of Women Committee of the National Organization for Women (NOW), remembers that in 1970, a group of women militantly pushed its way into Nakano, McGlone, Nightingale, Inc. to protest the firm's advertisements for Speedwriting because they were directed exclusively to women. Mr. Nightingale, a gentle man who just couldn't seem to deal with the women, called for help. It came in the person of Mr. Nakano, a short, powerfully-built man proficient in Karate. "Get out!" he yelled. The women stood their ground. But when Nakano moved toward them threateningly, they quickly changed their tactic from militancy to seductiveness. Seductive women are easier for men to relate to. Violence averted, the visit ended with Nightingale's plea, "Stay away from us. We have enough trouble."

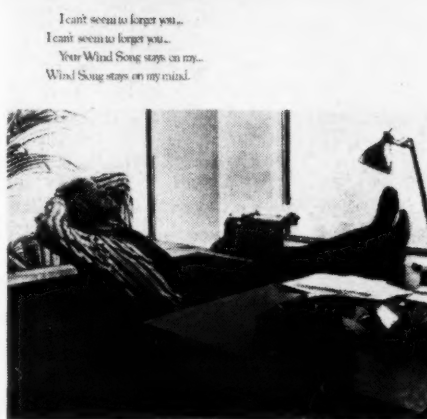
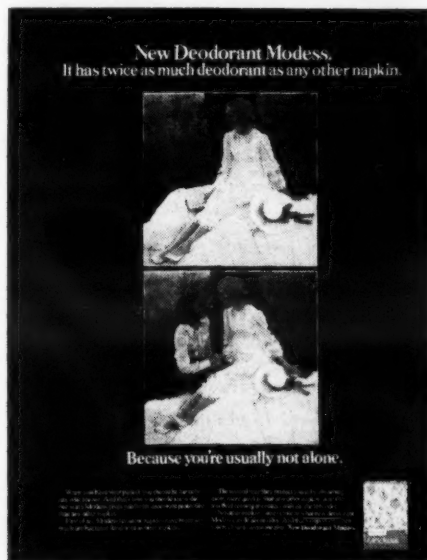
Charles B. Mitchell, Jr., Chairman of the Board of Compton Advertising, thought he had avoided trouble by meeting with NOW women and talking with them about the exploitative nature of the ads his agency was doing. So when he was presented with NOW's derogatory Old Hat Award for his agency's Crisco commercial, which shows women being obsequious to men, he was outraged and indignant. "What are you doing here?" he asked, recognizing some of the women. "I spoke to you." Obviously it wasn't clear to him that it wasn't talk the feminists wanted, but action. Even the ubiquitous Proctor and Gamble has been talking. Realizing the movement will not "go away," they've sent emissaries sneaking into New York from Cincinnati on a number of occasions for secret meetings with the feminists. Again a case of all talk and no action.

Alfred J. Seaman, president of Sullivan, Stauffer, Colwell and Bayles, told feminists that if they hadn't pushed their way into his office he never would have seen them, and that, in any case, even if he were to take his agency's sexist Lysol commercial (showing women as sniffers obsessed with odors and germs) off the air, it wouldn't be because of them.

The recent Olivetti Girl campaign has made feminists particularly indignant. One of the ads contains the following copy: "She [your secretary] may be prettier than other typists, but she's not necessarily any brainier. Then what makes an Olivetti Girl such a phenomenal typist? Her brainy Olivetti Electric Typewriter, of course." Another ad in the campaign is headlined, "True Confessions of an Olivetti Girl": "Now that I type sharper, I look sharper. People are starting to like me. In fact, there's not a man in the office who isn't crazy about me." A tag line—"Once an Olivetti girl, always an Olivetti girl"—suggests that women do not aspire to move on to better positions but accept being secretaries.

Before the magazine campaign was launched, Joyce Snyder, executive managing editor of *Art Direction*, was given an advance look for publicity purposes. The publicity that resulted was not exactly what the agency had in mind. Snyder organized a meeting with George Lois of Lois Holland Callaway, the agency that handles Olivetti's account; Gil Wintering, the company's advertising manager and a group of feminists. After the meeting, Snyder received a letter from Lois that said, "We are going ahead with the campaign, but I did want to tell you that you got to me enough that I did kill one of the commercials." The women felt he should have killed them all. Lois, however, felt that the campaign was a "breakthrough" in that it was the first of its kind to appeal directly to secretaries. "Normal women wouldn't object to it," he says. Angeline Krout, International President of the National Secretaries Association (28,000 members), immediately sent off a letter, presumably not typed on an Olivetti: "Your current advertising campaign on behalf of Olivetti Electric Typewriters appears to be at 180 degrees variance with our concepts, especially where the ads refer to secretaries."

The offensive National Airlines "Fly Me" campaign is still running in spite of picketing and protests, but at least it's costing the company some customers. For example, the staff of the Anti-Defamation League of B'nai B'rith, concerned that travel arrangements for a recent national executive committee meeting might include flight reservations on



National Airlines, said the following in a petition to Ben Epstein, ADL's national executive director: "In conjunction with our human relations work at the ADL, we find the use of people as objects for commercial purposes both objectionable and dangerous. Ads such as these, whether they exploit women, blacks or Jews, reinforce previously-held stereotypes and, in so doing, contribute to discrimination against certain groups in society. In light of [National's] offensive advertising, we request all those traveling to Palm Beach to make reservations on airlines other than National. If reservations have already been made on National, we ask that they be cancelled, with cause for cancellation stated." Shortly thereafter, Epstein instructed ADL's travel agent to cease doing business with National. A number of individuals are boycotting the company, also. Among them is Sen. George McGovern, who said during the Florida primary that he considered National's ads insulting. (On October 26, 1971, NOW filed suit in Circuit Court in Dade County, Florida, to restrain National Airlines from continuing their "Fly Me" campaign. The case is pending.) Despite all of this unfavorable publicity—including reports that National hostesses were sporting buttons reading "Go Fly Yourself, National"—the airline continues to run the ads. Presumably that's because men do most of the traveling.

In another category altogether are the Madison Avenue minds that seek to cash in on slogans of the movement. A rash of ads have appeared for time-saving products that range from frozen foods to floor waxes, bearing the headline: "Women's Liberation." A Joyce Shoe ad shows a woman stepping on a man's bare foot with her "Joyce Shoe for the Liberated Woman." Tiparillo Cigars now suggests that by "Offering a Tiparillo to a lady" they may have started the whole women's liberation movement. Other ads implore men to "buy their favorite Ms." one thing or another.

And speaking of *Ms.*, "The New Magazine for Women" was a bitter disappointment to a number of feminists. "Schizophrenic" was the word many used to describe it. And schizophrenic it was, with Jane O'Reilly's excellent article on consciousness-raising, "The Housewife's Moment of Truth," wrapped up in the same slick package with ads like the one for Bloomingdale's, which showed a woman dressed in pants, shirt, and tie, with copy reading: "You know who you are. A great looking girl dressed by a man who knows." But *Ms.* did contain some ads—like one which gave an affirmative answer to the question "Could a woman become a Merrill Lynch account executive?"—indicative of a new trend in advertising. Marketing research has shown that there are now two groups for advertisers to appeal to: the traditional woman and the "new" woman. *Ms.* and *The New Woman* are among the outlets for ads of the latter category.

Those advertisers who still aim at the traditional woman are slowly beginning to realize that they are offending the "new" woman. The agencies haven't acted yet, but their willingness to talk has sparked some hope. Now feminists get invited to discuss their views. After one such session, attended by creative and account people at Benton and Bowles, the feminists were asked, "Now we know what you don't want us to do, but what do you want us to do?"

Midge Kovacs, former advertising manager for the E-Lite Co., who now works full-time for the women's movement, has some of the answers. In an article in *Marketing / Communications*, (January, 1971), she wrote: "We want to see women portrayed in a dazzling spectrum of possibilities, as lawyers, teachers, architects, and business executives, as well as housewives and typists. We want to see them living for their own goals, not merely through their children and their men. And we want to see

these broadening roles for both white women and black. Show the woman, first of all, with her intelligence intact. Talk to her, not down to her. Show her using the product because it is quick and efficient and will get her out of the house to her many other activities."

But Kovacs' standards, if we can judge from her recent article in *Ad Age*, in which she cites examples of what she considers pro Women's Lib ads, are not very high. One of these is an ad for Salton Hot Trays—"Women: Stand up for your right to sit down at dinner time"—which shows a woman chasing around with a pot, her family sitting and eating at the table. About this ad Kovacs says, "The Salton Hotray is being offered as an alternative to her mealtime oppression." Kovacs takes pleasure from the fact that the woman's mealtime burdens are lessened by a Hot Tray. But Salton still defines a woman as the meal-server. A real advance might be to occasionally show men in this role.

Another ad Kovacs chooses is for Nice 'n Easy hair color, "It lets me be me." About this ad, which appeared in *Ms.*, she writes, "In an all-time classic reversal that's bound to give any reasonably liberated woman a lift, the woman is shown kissing the man. She's in a dominant position cradling him in her arms." However, the issue is really not who holds who in an embrace but rather why a woman must color her hair to participate in the embrace. Kovacs seems to have forgotten her own principles: "We want to see women living for their own goals not merely through their children and their men."

Francine Wilvers, executive vice president and creative director of the Marschalk Co., in a *mea culpa* article in *Broadcasting Magazine*, admitted to having created advertising that discriminates against women: "How did that happen? Was I so driven by an urgency to sell goods or a desire to make a buck that I just didn't care at all? No. Honestly, I just didn't know any better." But now she does, and she admits, "It's not easy to start questioning the rules and guidelines that we've always taken for gospel truth and standard operating procedure. It's not easy to unlearn what we have learned. But that's exactly what I'm doing now. If I can do it, you can do it."

Anne Foster, working on an automobile account for a major New York agency, thought she could do it too. When she presented her point of view (backed up with over 100 pages of research), the following dialogue ensued:

"Let's show women driving."
 "Women don't drive as well as men."
 "According to statistics they drive better."
 "But they're smaller than men, so they need smaller cars with a smaller wheel base."
 "What does your wife drive?"
 "A station wagon."
 "So she can drive a big car."
 "Yes, but the car we're advertising is a small car."
 "You just said women were smaller so they need smaller cars."
 "But it's an expensive car and women don't buy expensive cars."

And on it went, with the result that the idea never left the agency. It was killed even before the client got a chance to turn it down.

If you think that's anti-woman, how about this classic story: Jane Trahey, President of Trahey / Wolf Advertising, had just finished a very sophisticated campaign for a cosmetic account. The client, who was worried that the campaign might be too sophisticated for women, said to Trahey, "I know you like this because you wrote it, but just for a minute would you pretend you're a woman and give me your opinion of it."

Washington's 'Metropolitan Eight'

BY BOB KUTTNER

The Capital first read of the campaign for more black representation at *The Washington Post* in a curious editorial page piece of soul-searching written by the paper's ombudsman and former national editor, Ben Bagdikian. "If *The Washington Post* learned," Bagdikian began, "that an organization known nationally for its support of civil rights was being accused of racial discrimination by its black employees, the *Post* would rush it into print. . . ." Having criticized the absence of the story in the *Post*'s own news columns, Bagdikian turned to the blacks' grievances, which he conceded were essentially just, adding that he, Bagdikian, "in 20 months as an editor was just as guilty as anyone else in failure to hire blacks." Bagdikian's piece ran only after it was clear that the eight black metropolitan reporters pressing for greatly increased black hiring and promotion were totally dissatisfied with management's response, and that a formal complaint to the U.S. Equal Employment Opportunity Commission was im-

minent. At issue, of course, was not who was guilty—but what the paper planned to do about it.

Like other major dailies, the *Post* hired its first cluster of blacks in the late sixties, after the riots. The paper's black editorial representation has increased only by three or four since then. The *Post* filed its first "affirmative action" plan with the D.C. Human Rights Commission last October, only nobody bothered to tell Ben Bradlee, the paper's executive editor. Bradlee first learned of the plan's existence in the midst of negotiations with the "Metropolitan Eight," who found his ignorance of it more telling than his promise to improve on its lack of concrete goals. "The plan was not, to say the least, terribly widely known," Bradlee said in a recent interview, explaining that it had been prepared and filed by the newspaper's employee relations director while he was out of town.

Clifford Alexander, the former EEOC chairman who has been



retained as the group's lawyer, calls the *Post* plan "a lot of words" and says that any such plan has to have specific goals and timetables or it is meaningless. Bradlee does not like quotas. In one memo to the Eight, he wrote that the *Post*'s "only quota is a quota on quality." After more than a month of talks, Bradlee finally did offer a plan with numbers on March 10, but the numbers were low: one more black to cover national news (Austin Scott of The Associated Press, whose application had been pending since last June), one more black assistant city editor, and two new black trainees. Bradlee's "supplement to the affirmative action plan" did not include long range goals, nor did it contain specific remedies for the other gaps that the Eight had questioned during six weeks of discussions: Why are there no blacks on the news desk, no black financial or sports reporters, no blacks in the hierarchy above the level of assistant city editor, and so on.

Instead of goals, Bradlee offered explanations. "We have never had more than one black reporter on the national staff because we never had a vacancy for which we knew of a black candidate with the experience, record of past performance and ability that would give us that second black," Bradlee wrote. "This is true, too, for black originating editors on the foreign, national, sports, financial, and style sections."

To the blacks at the *Post*, there had to be a deeper explanation: The paper hadn't tried all that hard, and Bradlee's reluctance to talk numbers meant the *Post* wouldn't try all that hard in the future. The March 10 offer was dismissed by the Eight as "insulting," and it prompted 26 other black *Post* employees, virtually the entire roster, to write Bradlee supporting the Eight. These included the paper's most senior black journalists: Roger Wilkins, Robert Maynard, William Raspberry, Jesse Lewis. Then came one final meeting, at which the Eight again asked for specific numbers and dates, with a plan of their own as a bargaining position. Bradlee stuck with the March 10 proposal and a promise to surpass it. The Eight prepared their complaint to the EEOC, and called a press conference. "They never thought we were serious," said Richard Prince, whom Bradlee characterizes as the most militant of the group. "They take us for fools; they expect us as reporters not to see through this. Then when we turn out to be as skeptical and professional as employees as they want us to

be as reporters, they're shocked." By his own description, Bradlee was indeed taken by surprise, "mystified" at the irony that it could happen to the liberal *Post*. "We worked like hell at this," he said glumly. "We had fifteen meetings; we had individual lunches. I accepted most of their suggestions. The only one we couldn't buy was quotas. . . ."

It is a very big "only." Bradlee says he is from the old school of journalism, "the survival of the fittest school." He is the shirt-sleeves, regular-guy editor, salting his conversation liberally with cuss words to prove it. Bradlee tells anecdotes about bright young guys now gone on to greater things whose talents were so obvious that "you knew they were going to make it in the first three weeks," and anecdotes about other guys with Harvard Ph.D.'s who just couldn't cut it. Bradlee has his pick of bright young guys, unsolicited; the whole notion of elaborate special recruitment and training programs and quotas rankles, and he admits it. He is annoyed at "today's kids, black or white, who think that 37½ hours a week is what you work on a newspaper." There are more anecdotes about his own early days when he worked on into the night because he loved it. Bradlee talks fondly of young go-getters who remind him of his younger self, and he wants to reward talent and diligence in the traditional way.

There is nothing base about this, except that the familiar survival of the fittest school tends naturally to exclude blacks, who do not fit into a white paper's classic pattern of informal recruitment and advancement. It is necessary to come up with something better, if you mean business. There are qualified blacks out there, but you have to look for them. That takes black editors. Moreover, the blacks at the *Post* argue that the white editorial hierarchy misses or dismisses important black stories. The debate is not simply over bread and butter issues, but as the support letter drafted by editorial page writer Roger Wilkins put it, "participation in the writing of the story of America."

One day recently, Wilkins went storming into the newsroom after noticing that the *Post*'s major story on Nixon's anti-busing plan had been edited so that the only reactions quoted were white ones. Wilkins is the son of a black newspaperman. In 1953, when he graduated from college, there wasn't a white paper that would give him a job. So he went to law school instead and had to become Assistant Attorney General of the United States before he could do what he wanted to in the first place. "There is a whole generation of black reporters in the United States who don't exist," Wilkins said. "This happened at the *Post* because the *Post* is the best paper racially. It is about the only one with a critical mass of black people. One lonely guy over at the *News*, he's in no position to bitch."

Other black reporters at the *Post* with less clout than Wilkins tell the same story of editing that seems unconsciously racist. Two blacks object that the paper is not covering Shirley Chisholm's campaign; a white is assigned to it, and he brings back a feature story instead of a political one. The *Post* runs nothing about the suicide of a black assistant principal in Flint, Michigan, until Wilkins picks it up on the editorial page. The wires carry long items about Wilkins' uncle Roy's changing views of South Africa, and about the black Wallace delegate in Florida who resigns. The *Times* runs both, the *Post* neither. A black reporter has to fight to be included in a prison series, and then most of his copy isn't used.

Another irony. In the late sixties, when the first numbers of blacks were hired, jobs were plentiful. Expansion and turnover produced upwards of fifty editorial openings a year. Large numbers of blacks could have been recruited without penalizing whites. This year there will be perhaps eight vacancies. What are the equities for aspiring whites? Bradlee already has to contend with substantial resentment from the metropolitan staff because so many of the higher openings have gone to "stars" recruited from the outside. One of the *Post*'s most talented young reporters, Sanford Ungar, just made the national desk—the first such promotion in three years. Should these scarce slots be reserved for black only? A young white copy aide was heard to remark, "The blacks, the women, what's left for a nice Jewish boy like me?" And his editor replied, "Well, you can always say you're homosexual."

If newspapers are serious about compensating for past injustices, especially at a time when jobs are tight, the future is bleak indeed for the white male. The women are also organizing at the *Post*, for their representation is scarcely better than the blacks. "I'm expecting a communique from them next week," said Bradlee, and he wasn't kidding. "Look," he added, "The blacks want 45% of the jobs; the women say they're 58% of the population in Washington. That adds up to 103%." Bradlee points to a letter he received from the editor of another metropolitan daily with

(THE BIG APPLE)

The New York Times

DAILY NEWS

WHD

New York

WCBS NEWSRAD 13 088

Pun-ch Drunk

In recent months, the *Times* editorial page has shown a curious tendency to run excruciating puns in the "Letters to the Editor" columns. We first noticed this trend back in November when the following appeared:

On the Other Hand,
Thieu—1=0

To the Editor:

Reflecting on the recent Presidential election in South Vietnam leads one to believe that that country has adopted the new math: One plus none equals Thieu. A. SOCK

New York, Nov. 1, 1971

Then, early this year, Sock struck again:

Toasts and Politics

To the Editor:

The Nationalist Chinese seem extremely apprehensive when Mr. Nixon drinks with Premier Chou. Are they scared he'll Taiwan on? A. SOCK

New York, Feb. 25, 1972

Lest Sock think the letters columns his personal preserve, a new correspondent made his debut on March 16:

Toasts and Boasts

To the Editor:

A. Sock recently inquired [Letter March 1] whether the Nationalist Chinese, in observing Mr. Nixon's frequent toasts with the mainland Chinese, were apprehensive lest the President Taiwan on. I can say that Formosa us the answer is yes. B. SHU

Pittsburgh, March 1, 1972

And on April 11, still another letter-writer joined the fun:

From the Typewriter

To the Editor:

First A. Sock inquired whether the Nationalist Chinese were apprehensive lest President Nixon Taiwan on. [Letter March 1.] Then B. Shu came along and said that the answer was yes Formosa us. [Letter March 16.] All I have to say is that Mr. Shu's pun is Type B, but Mr. Sock's is Taipei.

THEODORE WINNER

New York, March 20, 1972

Our researchers into this matter have yet to uncover the identity of "B. Shu." However, reliable sources assure us that "Theodore Winner" is Theodore M. Bernstein, a veteran editor at the *Times* and for years the custodian of "Winners & Sinners," a periodic compilation of praise and criticism of journalistic performance at the newspaper. As for "A. Sock," no less an authority than the *Times Talk*, the company house organ, explains:

"The name A. Sock signed to a letter to the editor. . . is a pseudonym for the publisher, Arthur Ochs (Punch) Sulzberger. Its derivation is obvious. A. for Arthur. Sock for Punch."

Pure Fantasy

The editorial pronouncements of the *Daily News*, written in large measure by octogenarian Reuben Maury, are often fun to read for their bilious anachronisms, but seldom worth taking seriously. Nevertheless, an April 5 sneer entitled "Any Old Jobs for Homos?" was so erroneous and damaging as to provoke a demonstration by gay groups from all over the city as well as statements by several political figures, including Mayor Lindsay. "Herewith a cheer" it began, "for the U.S. Supreme Court's ruling Monday (with Justice William O. Douglas dissenting—but you knew that), that state governments have a right to refuse employment to homosexuals."

"Fairies, nances, swishes, fags, lez-zies—call 'em what you please—should of course be permitted to earn honest livings in non-sensitive jobs."

"But government, from federal on down, should have full freedom to bar them from jobs in which their peculiarities would make them security or other risks. It is to be hoped that this Supreme Court decision will stand for the foreseeable future."

The editorial was pure fantasy. Actually, the case before the Court concerned a Minnesota librarian who lost his job because he was an activist in the gay movement. At issue was his activism, not his homosexuality. What the *News* also failed to absorb was the fact that the Court did not make a decision *per se*; it simply voted to let the lower court's ruling stand, thereby agreeing not to handle the matter at the present time.

TV Challenges

"If you don't like what's on T.V. you can turn it off or switch to another channel." That's the advice the broadcast industry has always offered irate viewers who felt powerless to effect what comes over the tube. In recent months, however, more than 100 grass roots media coalitions have formed around the country in pursuit of a third, more effective way of talking back to their television sets. Citing the clause in the Communications Act which says stations must serve the "public interest con-

venience and necessity," citizens groups in increasing numbers have been threatening to challenge license renewals via the FCC if outlets do not meet their demands . . . usually for improved minority hiring and programming.

The challenge wave now seems to be breaking over New York City. Three separate citizens groups are threatening to file against all seven VHF outlets in town as their licenses come up for renewal June 1. WABC-TV is the object of a triple threat, under attack by the New York Chapter of the National Organization for Women (NOW) and two broadly-based *ad hoc* community groups: The Black Citizens for a Fair Media (BCFM) and the New Jersey Coalition for Fair Broadcasting. The Harlem-based BCFM, which claims the membership of 300 churches and self-help organizations like HARYOU-ACT and Can-Do, has issued a seven-point ultimatum to the three network flagship stations calling for more black news, public affairs and cultural programming as well as stepped-up minority employment. The coalition is reported to be in serious negotiations with WABC and WNBC and may not file license renewal petitions against them if an agreement can be reached. WCBS has apparently opted to stand on its past record. NOW, concentrating on WABC, has elected to file first and negotiate later for improved female hiring, on-the-job promotions and programming.

The Coalition for Fair Broadcasting is charging all seven local outlets with "neglecting New Jersey," including public television's WNET /Channel 13, which is licensed in Newark but based in Manhattan. Made up of civic, labor and minority groups (including the State AFL-CIO, the Newark Chamber of Commerce and Urban League, the New Jersey Council of Churches and the League of Women Voters), the Coalition is demanding that each of New York's "V's" assign a full-time reporter to Jersey. A parallel proposal would have the stations set up a pool facility to originate programming from across the Hudson. At this writing, coalition coordinator Gordon McGinnis, who is director of the New Jersey-based Wallace-Eljabar Foundation, was just contacting stations to open eleventh hour negotiations. The deadline for filing petitions to deny is May 1.

Not-So-Good Guys

Fred Gale is a low-key radio announcer whose afternoon talk show on WMCA had a certain following among people who like

(THE BIG APPLE)

to listen to intelligent discussion of social issues. Some 40-50,000 dials were tuned to Gale's program each day, according to R. Peter Straus, the station's president, but that wasn't enough when the market potential is more like 15 million. And so Gale went off the air on April 2.

This marked the second time in a little more than a year that WMCA had fired an announcer with avowedly radical views. In 1971, Alex Bennett was dropped, reportedly because Coca Cola threatened to withdraw its spots. This time, Straus staunchly denies that his action against Gale, who has long been associated with the Movement, had anything to do with pressure from advertising. Instead, he says, "our evaluation...is that the audience is basically not interested in or excited by the show." But according to a recent issue of *Variety*, "to suggest that Gale was fired because of ratings is a little hard to accept." If this were really the reason, the article continues, "he (Straus) would have to fire everybody." A research associate at Pulse, one of the rating services cited by *Variety*, said, however, that while Gale's increasing ratings reflected those of the station as a whole, he may have been getting an overflow audience from the preceding program instead of building up one of his own.

It appears that WMCA, like other victims of the recession, is tightening its belt. Gale is being replaced by Ken Fairchild, who is also the station's program director. A conservative announcer, Jeffrey St. John, who had a Sunday show, was dropped one week after Gale. WMCA recently began subscribing to the Mutual Radio Network news, which could conceivably result in the elimination of one or more members of its news staff.

Whether or not Straus, a self-proclaimed liberal, has turned into a "closet Agnew," as his critics contend, the removal of Gale has impoverished A.M. radio, where for 18 months he was one of the few talk show hosts to focus on, as he describes them, "the people who don't have easy access to the media." He avoided the standard tactic of baiting and insulting his guests and the listeners who phoned in. As one of the many people who wrote to him after he was fired put it, "You presented these subjects in a rational and intelligent manner but possibly if you had screamed at people and called names, it would have been to your benefit."

"I think it's a great loss to radio," says Bob Williams, radio-TV critic for the *New York Post*. "He talked about relevant issues—housing, poverty, the quality of life..." Williams says he has received more mail on Gale's firing—some 150 letters during the first two days after the an-

nouncement—than he ever has before on any issue concerning radio. Only one letter was critical of Gale. (By contrast, the



removal of Jeffrey St. John prompted only one listener to write to Williams.)

Gale says that management told him he was too serious. "I'm afraid I can't view poverty and hunger and people getting killed as funny," he maintains. Straus' view, apparently, is that serious talk should be relegated to listener-supported F.M. stations ("Advertising-supported radio has to make some compromises," he says), but Gale thinks it vital to reach the mass audience, the people who live in what he calls the "cultural ghetto." "Where is the flexibility in A.M. radio?" he asks. "Where is that challenge to people—to make them think?"

Con Brio

What with the success of *The Godfather* and former *Times*man Gay Talese's *Honor Thy Father* and former *Post*man Jimmy Breslin's *The Gang That Couldn't Shoot Straight*, every newspaper in town is now playing the gang game. But none is doing it with quite the gusto as the once crime-shy *Times*. On April 7, for example, Joseph Gallo's exorcism rated nearly one-fourth of the front page and six columns inside.

Gallo, "the Mafia figure known as Crazy Joe," said the *Times*, was celebrating

his forty-third birthday with the following people:

—"burly" Pete Diapoulas, whom the *Times* called his "bodyguard," while the *News* called him an "aide" and the *Post* called him "a friend;"

—Gallo's sister, Mrs. Carmella Fiorello, whom the *Times* first said was "sobbing over her brother's body," then "wept and screamed" in the street and then "wept hysterically" at the hospital. Also, said the *Times*, "she wore an ankle-length jersey dress, as did Diapoulas' date and Mrs. Gallo." The *News* and the *Post* said she was Gallo's sister and left it at that.

—Mrs. Gallo's daughter by an earlier marriage, Lisa Essary, 10, whom only the *Times* described at the hospital: "the sleepy child put Gallo's fedora on her head."

The *News* missed the fact that Gallo and his bodyguard sat "facing the wall" and also that they drank "soda pop" and that Gallo was "jolly and relaxed" and "had just ordered a second helping when the assassin strode silently in the side door." But the *Times* had all of these details and more.

The *News* said the killer "walked out into Mulberry St. to a waiting car," but the *Times* told us, "the killer hopped into a waiting car, probably with an accomplice at the wheel, and escaped through the darkness."

At the hospital, only the *Times* reported, "attendants stripped off Gallo's pinstripe suit and placed his slender, lightly muscled body on a device called a cardiac resuscitation cart. In an effort to revive him, they switched on a mechanical plunger that pumped Gallo's heart." In Little Italy, meanwhile, said the *Times*, "witnesses reported seeing the gleam of pistols at tenement windows."

One detail everybody missed (except for Earl Wilson's BW who just had to meet a famous gangster before he got shot) was the mole on Gallo's left cheek. But the *Times* made up for the mole in a marvelous sidebar about his becoming a fixture of the nightclub set. "He called the actress Joan Hackett a 'broad,' and she loved it," said the *Times*. Only the *Times* reported that he had moved in with actor Jerry Orbach and his wife, Marta, who said she knew Gallo was straight because "I asked the cops, because I wasn't going to walk on the streets with a no-good somebody might shoot."

No one can fault the reporters for doing a good job with this assignment. But you really get your extra nickel's worth in the *Times* when it comes to a bloody sensational crime story. You know, the sort of story the *Daily News* used to do so well.

New York Post

Amsterdam News

VARIETY

VOICE

THE NEW YORKER

1010 WINS

'Metropolitan Eight'

continued from page 15

less than half the *Post's* black representation. It concludes, "We ought to be getting it, not you." It is only a matter of time before they will.

Predictably, the press was in no hurry to give the Eight extensive coverage lest it make the natives even more restless. One exception was *Time* magazine, whose three black correspondents are hardly in a position to start a movement. The entire Press section of *Time's* April 10 issue was devoted to difficulties at the rival *Post-Newsweek* organization. The story was filed by Paul Hathaway, *Time's* sole black Washington correspondent. Hathaway allows as how he "had a few problems" about New York's rewrite, which depicts the blacks at the *Post* as hotheads or ingrates, who are on the warpath despite management's generosity (which must look remarkable indeed from the perspective of *Time*). *Time* notes that "One of their spokesmen, Richard Prince, has been covering the District's equivalent of City Hall," as if the District Building beat were somehow a plum assignment. *Time* also offers the old saw about no qualified blacks: "For a variety of reasons, journalism has not been a profession to which many middle-class blacks have traditionally aspired."

Newsweek, whose women are again planning a protest, chose to ignore the *Post* case; it came up at a story conference, and was quickly

rejected. *The Washington Star*, whose ten black editorial employees have been meeting, ran eight paragraphs on page D-2. Reporter Michael Anders (a black) was asked to file three times that much material, which was painstakingly edited by *Star* editor Newbold Noyes. The *Post* itself ran a short factual story on page C-2, half of which was Management's formal reply to the black allegations (although columnists Nicholas von Hoffman and William Raspberry have freely written on it).

A week after the press conference by the *Post* Metropolitan Eight, D.C. activist Julius Hobson and several employees of WRC-TV, NBC's Washington outlet, called a press conference to announce plans for lawsuits against the station. Prior to the black complaint, WRC was close to signing a conciliation of an earlier complaint by the station's women. Recently, it fired one of its two white anchormen on the Six O'Clock News, Neil Boggs, apparently to make room for a black. Reportedly, there is a backlash of major proportions, with Klan literature appearing on bulletin boards. According to Hobson, eight of the last nine promotions have been the same two black women. The press conference was not included in my city wire daybook. I phoned UPI to see if it had been cancelled. "Oh, no," said a deskman, "It's still on; we know about it. But that's not big enough to put on the wire."

Taking Our Cue

continued from page 1

were concerned, his feud with Heywood Broun and his "ideological affinity" with Westbrook Pegler.

Then there was Frank Munsey, the chain-store grocer who acquired 17 papers but merged and killed them off until at his death he owned only two; William Randolph Hearst, for whom Liebling worked just long enough to be told by a Hearst executive "the public is interested in just three things: Blood, money and the female organ of sexual intercourse;" and Henry Luce, on whom he planned to write a long expose (the notes for which still lie in his widow's filing cabinet marked, by a colleague, "Liebling's Time Bomb—Keep It Safe").

Liebling recognized, of course, that publishers varied somewhat in character and disposition. "The pattern of a newspaperman's life," he once wrote, "is like the plot of 'Black Beauty.' Sometimes he finds a kind master who gives him a dry stall and an occasional bran mash in the form of a Christmas bonus, sometimes he falls into the hands of a mean owner who drives him in spite of spavins and expects him to live on potato peelings." The *New York World*, whose Sunday section he joined in 1930, was his one dry stall; but it sprang a bad leak the next year and sank beneath him, destined to remain from then on the one glorious exception to Liebling's every journalistic rule.

But, ultimately, his dislike for publishers was generic: he couldn't abide the whole breed. He drew a sharp line between the news side and the business side (which he called the "loposite") of journalism. Publishers were businessmen who inherited their papers as they did grocery stores. "Try to imagine the future of medicine, law or pedagogy," he wrote, "if their absolute control were vested in the legal heirs of men who had bought practices in 1890. . . ."

Liebling simply didn't believe you could run a newspaper the way you ran a shoe factory. "Will every one stand up please who publishes or works on a newspaper where the top reporter makes as much money as the top advertising salesman" he once asked. And he reserved his most scathing scorn for publishers in one-paper towns, or towns in which one publisher owned both the morning and evening papers. Such situations, he said, amounted to "a privately owned public utility that is Constitutionally exempt from public regulation." Much of what he had to say on this subject was, of course, prophetic. Since his death, the contraction and concentration of the press has proceeded apace, now combining under single ownership not only a.m. and p.m. papers but increasingly television and radio stations.

But other parts of Liebling's running vendetta with the publishers are no longer very convincing. On some of the best American papers at least—*The New York Times*, *The Los Angeles Times*, *The Washington Post* and *Newsday* come to mind—the problems do not lie so much with the publishers. Money in sufficient quantity is being pumped into these enterprises. The problems on these papers—and there are many—more often stem from a failure of imagination or nerve among the editors. Yet Liebling never quite plumbed the editorial mind as he did the publishing mind. "Joe's views on the press were really rather simple ones," says Gardner Botsford, his longtime editor at *The New Yorker*. "He was no philosopher."

But he had other talents as a press critic. First, he was a

dedicated and incredibly alert reader. Jean Stafford Liebling, his third wife, recalls his mornings: "He'd finish breakfast by nine and sit there in the living room reading the papers, all of them, until noon. When he finished a paper he'd tear it up like a puppy dog and leave the scraps all over the carpet." But every morning he'd save a scrap or two and often it would be something nobody else had noticed. Those scraps were the germs of his "Wayward Press" pieces. That *New Yorker* column, inaugurated by Robert Benchley in 1927 and written by Liebling from 1945 until his death, was the first regular press criticism to appear in any American medium. And, with all its faults, it is still the best.

Perhaps the greatest virtue of Liebling's press pieces was their specificity. He liked to take one story and analyse how the papers had covered it. A classic example was his 1947 piece on the "Lady in Mink" case. A woman on welfare was discovered living at city expense in a New York hotel, although she was reported to have \$60,000 in assets and a mink coat. The *Times* went wild over the story, splashing it across the top of Page One under a three-column headline. But Liebling took the story apart line by line. He showed, among other things, that the woman had not \$60,000 but between \$36,000 and \$56,000; that she had had it five years before but there was no indication how much she had left when she went on welfare; and that the famous mink coat was six to eight years old, had a torn lining and was worth about \$300. By playing the story as it did, he concluded, *The Times* was saying that "the poor are poor because of their sins and whatever they get is too good for them," a principle he distilled into a pithy phrase: "the undeserving poor."

If Liebling was consistently antagonistic toward publishers and indifferent toward editors, he was generally sympathetic toward reporters. "I am a chronic, incurable, recidivist reporter," he once wrote. Even when he was tracing his colleagues' wayward ways, he could not suppress an indulgent smirk. For what outraged Liebling far more than error or stupidity was pomposity and pretension, traits he regularly found in the publishers' offices but rarely in the city room. "There is a healthy American newspaper tradition of not taking yourself seriously," he wrote. "It is the story you must take that way." So long as a reporter remained a reporter, practicing his craft as best he knew how, Liebling was with him. It was when he began fancying himself something else that he risked the fat man's scorn.

With few exceptions, Liebling had no use for columnists, news analysts, interpretive reporters and their ilk. He saw all these fancy titles as mere excuses to avoid the hard work of chasing down a story on the street. In 1953, he had a world of fun with the "constructive reporting" which followed Stalin's death, witness this beauty in the *World-Telegram*: "Washington, March 4.—Gen. James A. Van Fleet replied 'I don't know' when asked today whether the death of Russia's ailing Premier Stalin might lead to a weakening of Communist morale in Korea." And he once wrote: "There are three kinds of writers of news in our generation. In inverse order of worldly consideration, they are: 1. The reporter, who writes what he sees; 2. The interpretive reporter, who writes what he sees and what he construes to be its meaning; 3. The expert, who writes what he construes to be the meaning of what he hasn't seen."

So great was his distrust of the experts that, at times, Liebling



Give This Man A Saliva Test

"Paul Krassner ought to be in a hall for the insane," warns a review of my book, *How a Satirical Editor Became a Yippie Conspirator in Ten Easy Years*. "He should be given periodic saliva tests to determine the severity of his affliction."

Here are a few other reactions:

JOSEPH HELLER: "Paul Krassner is a blessing to his family, a joy to his friends, a bonanza to his publisher, and a credit to his country. More than any living American who comes to mind, he deserves to be called 'a great American.' This collection of his writings from *The Realist* over the past ten years is a valuable national asset and a formidable bulwark against pollution by cant and hypocrisy. It is also great fun. Years ago, I gave subscriptions to *The Realist* as Christmas presents. I wish I could give everybody in the country a copy of this book. Maybe I will. But until I decide, you buy it now!"

GROUCHO MARX: "Thanks for the book. I am sending this card to you, because I don't know where Mr. Krassner lives. Or even if he is alive. At any rate, it's a hilarious book and I predict in time he will wind up as the only live, Lenny Bruce."

KURT VONNEGUT, JR.: "You give me hope."

TERRY SOUTHERN: "The *Realist*, where these pieces originally appeared, was the first American publication to really tell the TRUTH: I mean literally and figuratively—by ignored outlandish fact, by parable, by image, by creative hook and crook, whatever it took—lighting the way like the proverbial kleig for the myriad counter-culture and in-depth periodicals that followed. No doubt about it, this grand guy Paulie K. is the Bunyan of American journalism."

KEN KESSEY: "A modern Yiddish masterpiece."

JULIUS LESTER: "Almost singlehandedly, Paul Krassner has kept the art of satire alive in America. As with any good satirist, nothing is sacred to him. Thus, one can't burden with political labels or definitions. The only one that really fits is genius, and maybe it's about time somebody said it. Thanks for being, Paul."

Fortunately, I've developed a case of terminal false humility. Nor do I take any of this stuff personally:

My book wasn't reviewed in *Time* or *Newsweek*; in the *Village Voice* or the *New York Review of*

Books; in the *Saturday Review* or the *Sunday Times*.

Both the *New York Times* and *Life* magazine paid for reviews that were extremely favorable, but which were never published.

John Leonard, Book Review Editor of the *Times*, wrote to me that the review they had in the house was "not a very good one." Now, why would he lie like that? Perhaps it has to do with his understanding of the conditions under which he was hired in January, 1971.

On December 1st, 1970, the *Times* cut and changed the meaning of his double review of *American Grotesque* by James Kirkwood and *A Heritage of Stone* by Jim Garrison. Between the first and second editions, the headline was changed from "Who Killed John F. Kennedy?" to "The Shaw-Garrison Affair." A sub-head, "Mysteries Persist," disappeared. And the copy was amputated as follows:

"Garrison insists that the Warren Commission, the executive branch of the government, some members of the Dallas Police Department, the pathologists at Bethesda who performed the second Kennedy autopsy, and many, many others must have known they were lying to the American public."

"Frankly, I prefer to believe that the Warren Commission did a poor job, rather than a dishonest one. I like to think that Mr. Garrison invents monsters to explain incompetence. In the next edition, the review ended at this point, chopped off in mid-paragraph. Here's what was deleted: But until somebody explains why two autopsies came to two different conclusions about the President's wounds, why the limousine was washed out and rebuilt without investigation, why certain witnesses near the 'grassy knoll' were never asked to testify before the Commission, why we were all so eager to buy Oswald's brilliant marksmanship in split seconds, why no one inquired into Jack Ruby's relations with a staggering variety of strange people, why a 'loner' like Oswald always had friends and could always get a passport—who can blame the Garrison guerrillas for fantasizing?

"Something stinks about this whole affair. 'A Heritage of Stone' rehashes the smelliness; the recipe is as unappetizing as our doubts about the official version of what happened. (Would then-Attorney General Robert F. Kennedy have endured his brother's murder in silence? Was John Kennedy quite so liberated from cold war clichés as Mr. Garrison maintains?) But the stench is there, and clings to each of us. Why were Kennedy's neck organs not examined at Bethesda for evidence of a frontal shot? Why was his body whisked away to Washington before the legally required Texas inquest? Why?"

So, if the *Times* and the CIA have the same official policy—to keep certain information about political assassinations out of public consciousness in order to maintain control—then what was there in my book? A piece called "David Hemmings Is Herman Kahn in Disguise" quotes Mort Sahl on the TV show from which he was fired:

"I went to the Archives and saw the Zapruder film. I was in there for several hours, running it, then

looking at it frame by frame on a slide projector. When the President is first struck, it seems that he's struck in the back. It's reasonably obvious, you don't have to be a ballistics expert. Then he's struck in the throat—and his hands go up—and he begins to fall slowly into Mrs. Kennedy's lap, he sags as the life goes out of him, and then he's hit in the head, and as he's hit in the head it's the force of a train hitting you. The President is hit from the right front. I saw it repeatedly. I saw a major portion of his skull fly to the rear and to the left."

Audience recoils audibly. Yes, it's shocking, and it'll help any of you who can't make up your mind about where you are in this...."

The *Times* didn't review Dick Gregory's first four books. Here is an author who went from being a pioneer for black performers on television to being a write-in presidential candidate, yet he was ignored. They did publish the House Committee on Un-American Activities list of 65 radical campus speakers, which included Gregory and myself, and they did carry a review of his current book, only to pooh-pooh his conspiracy theories.

Gregory figures that the fight over the Pentagon Papers was a shrewdly arranged scenario to make it seem as though the *Times* was battling for freedom of the press, but that the material was critical of Johnson, not Nixon, and that although the *Times* ran the full Warren Commission Report all in one day's edition, they serialized the Pentagon Papers, thus setting stage for the court test which left the image that the *Times* would stand up to the government when it came to the 1st Amendment; that line of credibility established, they could then come out editorially in favor of Nixon's peace proposal, which a junior high school dropout could see through so easily.

When World War Two ended, Werner von Braun was not the only Nazi the United States Acquired. This country also imported more than 600 German intelligence experts who set up the CIA here. And those guys ain't really given up yet. Fascism grew through control of mass media as well as the legal processes. It's

American Chauvinism to believe that the Rand Corporation could engineer a dictatorship in Greece but not the U.S.; or that the CIA could plot the assassination of Malcolm X and Martin Luther King and Bobby Kennedy but not Attica State and Jackson State and Kent State.

Even if Paul Revere could have been diagnosed as a paranoid schizophrenic, it doesn't mean the British weren't coming.

I'm just one voice in a cultural revolution which the government is trying to suppress in favor of mindless productivity and programmed consumption.

Ironically, the CIA-baiting *Earth* magazine rejected a review of my book because it was too favorable.

And Rampart turned one down sight unseen because I owe them \$1000.

Ralph Ginzburg is suing me from jail because I owe *Avant Garde* a few hundred—or is it *Moneysworth*?—and the Church of Scientology is suing me for three-quarters of a million dollars—for libel and conspiracy—because they claim to have suffered so much from my announcement of an article titled "The Rise of Sirhan Sirhan in the Scientology Hierarchy."

From the beginning I've subsidized *The Realist* with outside earnings. But shortly after I testified in the Chicago Conspiracy Trial, I was dropped as *Cavalier's* film critic because three wholesalers coincidentally said they wouldn't distribute the magazine if my name appeared in it. More recently, I got fired from my free-form radio show on ABC's San Francisco FM outlet. And now the problem with my book.

My book (published by Putnam) is available in stores. Or you can send for it and subscribe to *The Realist* at the same time. We'll begin your subscription with the upcoming 13th Anniversary Issue, featuring "The Parts That Were Left Out of the Manson Book," which is probably the most important thing I've ever written.

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could be almost anti-intellectual. He was fond of speculating on "what the boys on the quarterlies would say." Essentially pragmatic, his writings on politics often betrayed an almost Orwellian distrust of ideology. Although decidedly "left-of-center" all his life, he was never drawn into organized Left politics, even during the thirties when so many newspapermen, writers and artists flirted with the Communist Party." If Joe had an ideology it was

A Liebling Sampler

The following quotations are culled from *The Press*, (Ballantine Books, 1961), a collection of A. J. Liebling's sallies that should be required reading for anyone with even a marginal interest in journalism or good writing but that is unfortunately out of print:

To understand perfectly a new country, new situation, the new characters you confront on an assignment, is impossible. To understand more than half, so that your report will have significant correlation with what is happening, is hard. To transmit more than half of what you understand is a hard trick, too, far beyond the task of the so-called creative artist, who if he finds a character in his story awkward can simply change its characteristics.

Newspapers write about other newspapers with circumspection. The two surviving press associations, whose customers are newspapers, write about newspapers with deference. Newspapers write about themselves with awe, and only after mature reflection. They know and revere their awful power; like a prizefighter in a bar full of non-prizefighters, they are loath to lose it.

To combat an old human prejudice in favor of eyewitness testimony, which is losing ground even in our courts of law, the expert must intimate that he has access to some occult source or science not available to either reporter or reader. He is the Priest of Eleusis, the man with the big picture. Once his position is conceded, the expert can put on a better show than the reporter. All is manifest to him, since his conclusions are not limited by his powers of observation. Logistics, to borrow a word from the military species of the genus, favor him, since it is possible to not see many things at the same time. For example, a correspondent cannot cover a front and the Pentagon simultaneously. An expert can, and from an office in New York, at that.

A city with one newspaper, or with a morning and an evening paper under one ownership, is like a man with one eye, and often the eye is glass.

Q. What do you do for a living?

A. I am a communicator.

Q. What do you communicate? Scarlet fever? Apprehension?

Freedom of the press is guaranteed only to those who own one.

Newspapers always offer something to be delighted or concerned or enraged over. Some reporter has done a good job, some editorialist shown a flash of unsuspected spirit. And there is always at least one astonishing story—for example, an octogenarian recluse has starved to death, and nobody has found \$212,000 in dirty one-dollar bills hidden in the foul straw of his dingy mattress. In such cases I always figure the cops have stolen the money. Newspapers can be more fun than a quiet girl.

labor," says Jean Stafford Liebling. "He was a big labor man." Gardner Botsford recalls: "In his labor reporting, he almost always went overboard in his sympathy for the unions. He was so completely in their camp that I don't think he even recognized the grafting or self-interest or gangster

domination when it was there. I tried to restore some semblance of balance with the editing."

Roger Angell, who was a young *New Yorker* writer when Liebling was in his prime, calls him an "old-fashioned newsroom liberal," and that is probably as good a description as any. What outraged Liebling was a rich guy pushing a poor guy around. Curiously enough, he had a blind spot on the race issue. Although the civil rights movement was underway long before his death, he rarely touched on it. When he wrote about the South—notably in two excellent pieces on the press coverage of a secret police force in Mississippi—he barely mentioned segregation. Jean Liebling suspects his lack of interest in race may be related to his apathy toward his own Jewishness. "Even Hitler didn't make him an intensely self-conscious Jew," she says.

Or perhaps it was because he was such a thoroughgoing New Yorker and took the heterogeneity of Broadway and the Garment District for granted. With the striking exception of New Orleans—for which he harbored both a Francophile's and a gourmet's lust—Liebling never really had much use for America west of the Catskills. Some of the most stinging invective of his career was ladled into his short book on Chicago, "The Second City." When he told Harold Ross, then *The New Yorker's* editor, that he wanted to do some reporting on America's heartland, Ross said "You wouldn't like it, Liebling, you wouldn't like it." And he didn't.

But it wasn't, as with so many New Yorkers, a snob's disdain for the rest of the country. Nor was it merely Menckenesque raillery at the prejudiced "booboisie" (although, at times, Liebling's tone could be very much like Mencken's). It was just that the florid, bizarre, rococo characters he enjoyed writing about—like Bimstein, Bimberg and Stingo—flourished best here in New York. He was anything but a snob. In fact, he was one of very few writers able to describe hustlers, touts, con men, pimps, and Telephone Booth Indians (Broadway operators who use phone booths as their offices) without the slightest trace of condescension. Another was Joe Mitchell, Liebling's closest friend on *The New Yorker*, who expressed their feeling in an author's note to his *McSorley's Wonderful Saloon*: "The people in a number of the stories are the kind that many writers have recently got in the habit of referring to as 'the little people.' I regard this phrase as patronizing and repulsive. There are no little people in this book. They are as big as you are, whoever you are."

But what I like most about Liebling is the fun he so obviously got from his work. Journalism is all I've ever wanted to do because it's the only work that is really fun for me. On a good story, Liebling positively radiated satisfaction, as only a fat man can. Botsford recalls him sitting at his typewriter "jiggling with joy" at something he had just written. Sometimes when he was thoroughly enjoying himself he would get carried away and ornament the facts a bit. Jean Liebling recalls meeting Colonel John R. Stingo, the baroque centerpiece of Liebling's "The Honest Rainmaker," and finding him "a stunning old bore." She concludes that "Joe must have invented, no, embellished him." Roger Angell once stayed in the Louvois Hotel, the Paris hostelry about which Liebling waxed rhapsodic. "I was aghast," Angell recalls. "It was like an enormous Dixie Hotel." But the embellishments are half the fun.

It wasn't all fun. There was a dark side too, which only those closest to him saw. His first wife's mental problems were an enormous drain on him. His second wife was, by all reports, a virago who made his life miserable. At times, Liebling would retreat into deep and gloomy silences. At other times, he betrayed an incredible lack of confidence for a writer who could boast of 485 published manuscripts. He was an eccentric and he knew it. Once he told Jean Liebling, "The *New Yorker* gang is so crazy they think I'm normal."

Liebling's interests and his published works covered such a vast spectrum of human endeavors that it is not surprising to find little unanimity about his best work. Joseph Epstein likes *The Earl of Louisiana*, his profile of Earl Long. Jean Liebling prefers *The Second City*. Gardner Botsford leans to his war reporting, Roger Angell to his boxing stuff. Most critics feel Liebling was best when he was thoroughly enjoying himself—writing about food, sports or Paris—and least effective when grinding an axe or exposing a felony. But, as a lifelong reporter, I am drawn most to his ascerbic press criticism, like this jibe at the "inside" man:

"...there are in every newspaper office the congenital, aboriginal, intramurals. They are to be distinguished from the frustrates because they have never even wanted to see the world outside. They come to newspapers like monks to cloisters or worms to apples. They are the dedicated. All of them are fated to be editors except the ones that get killed off by the lunches they eat at their desks until even the most drastic purgatives lose all effect upon them. The survivors of gastric disorders rise to minor executive jobs and then major ones, and the reign of these non-writers makes our newspapers read like the food in *The New York Times* cafeteria tastes."

Fat man, you shoot a great game of pool.

[HELLBOX]

continued from page 2

Goetz. Through the Rosenbaums, who were close to both Mr. Goetz and Penn Central officials, an agreement was reached to place the money with a Liechtenstein trust company until the railroad needed it. Meanwhile, the money could serve as a compensating balance that Mr. Goetz could use to obtain bank loans for any investments he wished to make. Mr. Goetz did not bother getting any loans, however. Instead, he simply seized \$4-million of the Penn Central money.

How he managed to do this has caused comment even in Liechtenstein, where fancy financial maneuvers are a tradition. Mr. Goetz got control of the money through the intervention of Francis Rosenbaum, Joseph's brother. The German loan to Penn Central was expected to arrive in Liechtenstein on Sept. 22, 1969. Penn Central, at the suggestion of Joseph Rosenbaum and others, had decided to place its money with a trust company called First Financial Trust of Liechtenstein. What Penn Central did not know was that First Financial Trust had not been created—yet.

A few days before the loan was expected to arrive, Francis Rosenbaum arrived in the Liechtenstein capital of Vaduz. There he met Mr. Goetz and went with him to the law offices of Dr. Peter Marxer, a man who knows his way around Vaduz and often acts as agent for people doing business in Liechtenstein.

At Dr. Marxer's office, Rosenbaum signed prepared papers that created First Financial Trust. The papers named the Rosenbaum brothers as co-principals in the company, gave the full rights of disposition over funds in the trust and named Dr. Marxer and his partner as their agents in Liechtenstein.

The fact that the Rosenbaums controlled the trust was kept secret from Penn Central.

The Rosenbaum brothers have a long history of questionable financial dealings in the Capital, one that includes indictments for perjury and conspiracy for Joseph and a 10-year sentence for defrauding the Navy for Francis. Yet, as Gage nicely points out as he brings his story to a close, Francis has been treated as a Very Important Prisoner since his conviction in 1970: "Brought to Washington in recent months in connection with civil litigation . . . he has been allowed leisurely visits to his home and to Washington restaurants under guard of Federal marshals." Adds Gage, reflecting on this in an interview, "It illustrates pretty well the points behind the Miranda decision. If you have a good lawyer, he can find a lot of latitude in the law; if you don't, you can remain in jail forever." The Rosenbaum's lawyer is Edward Bennett Williams.

For the past several years, Gage's regular beat has been organized crime, first for *The Wall Street Journal* and now for the *Times*. "I know organized crime is a major problem in this country," says Gage, "but it's corporate crooks like the Rosenbaums who are the real menace to our society, because they use the weaknesses in our legal system and their influence in government circles to operate around the law." As a result of Gage's investigation, the Securities and Exchange Commission is looking into the matter and the House banking committee may reopen hearings. Gage can hardly wait. "A much broader investigation is needed," he says, "one that thoroughly exposes the Rosenbaums' protectors in Washington and shows how they were able to operate so successfully for so long. That is the more important issue and the kind of journalism we need in this country. I hope the *Times* lets me do it."

[MORE]

At last! A truly scientific study of attitudes towards the "communications industry." It came to us in the mail last month and began: "Congratulations, you have been selected to participate in a unique study of the mass media being conducted by the Freedom of Information Center at the School of Journalism, University of Missouri." The study uses something the Missouri scientists call "Q Methodology." That means they send you 55 slips of paper, each containing a different statement about the mass media. The idea is to sort the statements into piles according to how you feel about them.

The Missouri scientists leave nothing to chance. "You'll find

this easiest to do at your desk or at a cleared-off table," the sorting instructions say. "You'll need plenty of room." First, "remove rubber band from the deck and shuffle the cards." Then, read the statements "one at a time" and place them in three separate piles—those you agree with on the right, those you disagree with on the left, the neutral ones in the middle. Fine. Now, sort the three piles into eleven smaller piles: the positive statements into five small piles, the negative statements into five small piles, the neutral statements again in the middle. The stronger you feel about a statement, the further from the center it should be placed. But careful. The pile furthest from the center on each side may have only three statements, the pile next furthest from the center may have four, the next two may have five each and the last seven. The neutral pile in the middle may also have seven. When you are finished "check to see that you have the correct number of statements in each pile," then record the results and mail them back to the Missouri scientists in the enclosed envelope.

Naturally, we tried it, and at first it seemed like a snap. When we read this statement—"There should be no limitation to the number of newspapers or television stations a person can own"—we consigned it without hesitation to the next to last pile on our left (or what the Missouri scientists call the -4 pile). And likewise, when we saw this one—"ads don't have enough good consumer information for people to make wise buying decisions"—we quickly tossed it on the good old +4 pile.

But then things got more complicated. What, for example, should we do with this: "Media owners who might be disposed to order that news be suppressed, are often restrained by the knowledge that their employees are professional newsmen first, employees second." We weren't sure we knew just what some of our media owner friends were disposed to do, much less what might restrain them. We reached first to the left, then to the right, then dropped the slip in the middle. And how about this one: "Although there is nothing basically wrong with pressure groups conveying their ideas and recommendations to media, their tactics are often reprehensible." On the one hand this, on the other hand that, so back in the middle again. And this? "Even as freedom of the press implies the freedom to be heard, we must not forget that it also implies the freedom to print or not to print. This is a freedom for the publisher." Well, yeh, but, hold on. Back in the middle.

When we finished we had six negatives, five positives and 44 in the middle. Only one statement, an obvious ringer scrawled in longhand on a piece of copy paper, ended up in the +5 pile. It read: "A lot of money that could be used to improve journalistic performance is being wasted on silly surveys."

[MORE]

Follow-up: In the March (More), Thomas B. Asher exposed the flagrant industry and government biases in the Advertising Council's operations and discussed the virtual monopoly its ad campaigns have on the use of air time and print space. Since the article was published, several developments have taken place. On March 27, the Ad Council entertained some 200 business, media and federal government moguls at a White House reception followed by a dinner. Both events were closed to the press and to public interest observers and spokesmen. (Asher, a public interest lawyer who represents a number of groups which take issue with the Council's government-sponsored campaigns, asked to address the dinner or, at least, attend as an observer. He was turned down, as were members of the press.)

The purpose of the gathering, according to Lewis Shollenberger, the Council's vice-president in Washington, was "to bring them up to date as to what's going on in Washington." No non-governmental spokesmen, let alone those who question the federal programs pushed by the Council, addressed the group. Charles Walker, Undersecretary of the Treasury, delivered the dinner address. According to Shollenberger, Walker spoke of ad campaigns the government would like the Council to run as well as the savings bond campaign which is closest to his heart. According to William Rhatigan, the White House liaison with the Ad Council, the purpose of the Washington session was to raise money for the Council. Perhaps this explains the closed-door nature of the activities.

The reception and dinner were held shortly after David McCall, president of the advertising firm of McCaffrey & McCall, astonished his Madison Avenue colleagues by publicly calling for an end to the Council: "Now is the time for the Advertising Council to disband. It is too old, and it is too heavily encrusted with establishment points of view." His remarks were delivered to the American Association of Advertising Agencies' annual meeting March 18 in Boca Raton, Florida.

An ad campaign proposed by the National Organization for Women (NOW) was recently rejected on the grounds that the feminist group is attempting to change legislation and therefore does not meet

the criteria of the Ad Council. However, the Council was enthusiastic about the TV commercials and magazine ads designed by NOW volunteers and suggested that a Committee for Women's Rights be established as a vehicle for getting the campaign across. A second alternative for NOW would be to present its campaign under the auspices of a federal agency. Both routes would require considerable time and effort. The NOW ads, by the way, are anything but controversial. For the most part, they deal with employment inequities. One features a picture of an infant with a caption reading: "This Healthy, Normal Baby Has A Handicap. She was Born Female."

(LETTERS)

Ernest Dunbar in his article "Notes From The Belly of the Whale" (April, 1972) refers to one form of aggravation with which blacks must contend. "What the white editor did not realize was that to many black people nowadays, the words 'black' and 'Negro' have specific ideological overtones (read 'progressive' and 'Uncle Tom') and if a black reporter writes 'black,' an editor damn well better leave it 'black'."

I refer to one form of aggravation with which women must contend. In his first paragraph, referring to Yla Eason, he says, "The kind of big-boned chick who . . ." Chick? What Dunbar does not realize is that to many women the word "chick" has specific male chauvinistic overtones.

—Barbara S. Phillips
Cambridge, Mass.

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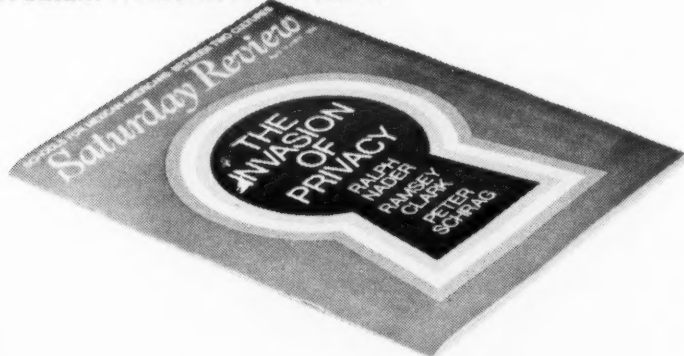
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Taking Our Cue From Joe

BY J. ANTHONY LUKAS

When we resolved to name our Counter-Convention after A. J. Liebling, we assumed his name would ring defiantly in newsrooms throughout the land. We were wrong. For many of our counter-conventioners, it appears, Liebling has long since passed into the deserved obscurity along with his trench, Whiskey Biscuits, Maxwell C. Rinsberg and Colonel John R. Stimp. "Why is the title in German?" one reader wanted to know. A midwestern editor and a newspaper school dean both wrote letters for more information addressed "Dear Mr. Liebling." So perhaps the time has come to reintroduce Abbott Joseph Liebling (1904-1963), the New Yorker's press critic, gonzoist, boxing writer, war correspondent, labor reporter, mediator, Francophile, chronicler of Broadway and resident epicure. Trying to explain Joe Liebling, the mind gropes for an adequate metaphor. For nobody could write a metaphor quite like Liebling. The New Yorker, he once wrote, "is in many respects a sound newspaper within the transcendent mass of which one may occasionally discern the outlines of considerable purposes, fixed like straws in a great mill of pulp, and of good men struggling helplessly, like minnows within a giant siphon." The press chronicler for disoriented mass prices in 1940s he likened to the Great Gatsby, "a man for the moribund longing and craving of exhausted nature for more." Writing of Edward Charles, strange reluctance to let Rocky Marciano be said "Charles," tentative resistance of violence had set in like ice on a pond." And was he to him who handed Liebling a ready-made metaphor, for he would surely get it dug back in his face like a wet mackerel. As Anthony Sampson found out when Liebling reviewed his "Anatomy of Britain" like this: "In coming his lecture to its time, the anatomist has performed a record number of excisions, including most of the viscera. It is as if he offered for demonstration a body lacking the left lung, the vermiform appendix, the other endocrine glands, the second and third vertebrae and—just for the hell of it—the nose, the right kidney, both testicles, and the modiolus oblongatus, severed femora and both whiskers."

When my metaphor search was ended, I could do no better than cite Joseph Proust who, in a retrospective review last year, called Liebling "the Minnesota Fats of American prose." But the comparison appeared to us for somewhat different reasons. Epitaphs likened Liebling to the corpulent pool hall wizard played by Jackie Gleason in "The Hustler," in order to show that he was that long-legged type, the double fat man. "Like Minnesota Fats, with a few balls," Epitaph wrote, "as Liebling with an

English sentence—there was nothing he couldn't make it do." What came to my mind, though, was the movie's last scene in which Paul Newman, as "Fast Eddie," has just beaten Gleason in their climactic match. Newman refuses to split the take with George C. Scott, his promoter-brother "Gordon," who has been getting "5 per cent of his winnings. Gordon wants Fast Eddie that if he doesn't look over he will never play again in any respectable pool hall in America. Although he knows Gordon can enforce that threat, Fast Eddie turns away with a contemptuous sneer on his lip and looking down at Minnesota Fats, says:

"Joe Man, you shoot a great game of pool."

"So do you, Fast Eddie," says Minnesota Fats. That was Joe Liebling. He was above all a craftsman who loved and respected other men who did their work well—whether it was making a perfect book shot, writing a brilliant headline, landing a great left jab or turning a polished phrase. But he could not abide men like Gordon who lived off others' work, particularly if they did it while pretending to be the working man's friend. Thus, the keynote of Liebling's writing about the press was his contempt for the publishers who owned the pool hall but could do nothing to improve it with a wave of his pinky and two weeks' severance pay.

He had his particular *hates* among publishers. Chief among them was Roy Howard, who owned the *World Telegram* where Liebling got in his last years as a newspaperman (1951-54). Howard was coming across sharply then, and Liebling recalled that his salary was cut twenty per cent in eight months, skidding to \$607.50 per week. On this point, he had to live himself and try to get adequate care for his first wife, who spent most of those years in mental institutions. "This took the cheerful, joviality out of journalism for me definitely," he wrote. "I taught me that society is divided, not into newspaper people and non-newspaper people, but into people with money and people without it. I did not belong to a noisy, unscrupulous professional group including me and Roy Howard, but to a section of society including me and my flower-walker in Macy's. Mr. Howard, even though he asked to be called Roy, belonged to a section that included him and the great who owned Macy's. This clarified my thinking about publishers, their common interests and motivations." In 1961, Liebling got his revenge in an unusually long, four-part profile detailing Howard's use of his columns to defend his own ten lapses, his personal extravagance but loyalty where his employees

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The A. J. Liebling Counter-Convention—and the Counter-Convention issue—mark the passing of a year since (MORE) was founded by a group of New York journalists. We are happy to report that progress has exceeded all our expectations. Despite the fact that we have published only nine issues, our subscription list is already well over 5,000. And our newsstand sales around the country have grown to more than 3,000 copies a month. Indeed, our estimated readership is now in excess of 15,000 persons—both professional journalist and (in increasing numbers) the reader and viewer who questions the media and is eager to find out more about how they serve and don't serve him.

Since publishing our pilot issue in June of last year, we have tried to put together a journalism review that comes down hard on the shortcomings of newspapers, magazines, radio and television, and notes their positive achievements, too. Recognizing the need for a publication such as ours, some of the best journalists and writers in the nation have eagerly stepped forward as contributors: David Halberstam, Richard Harris, A. H. Raskin, Michael Arlen, Joe McGinniss, J. Anthony Lukas, Nora Ephron, Murray Kempton, Nicholas von Hoffman, Charlotte Curtis, Stuart Loory and Chris Welles, to name just a few.

Because of all this good fortune, we are more convinced than ever that we can make (MORE) self-sustaining in the not too distant future. In the meantime, however, we need your help.

To balance our budget this year, we are offering two special types of subscriptions in addition to our regular offers. They are: a Sustaining 4 year subscription for \$100; and a Lifetime subscription for \$200.

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